

# CVPID AND PSICHE ..

or an Epick Poem.

OF

Cupid, and his Mistress .

As it was lately presented to the Prince Elector

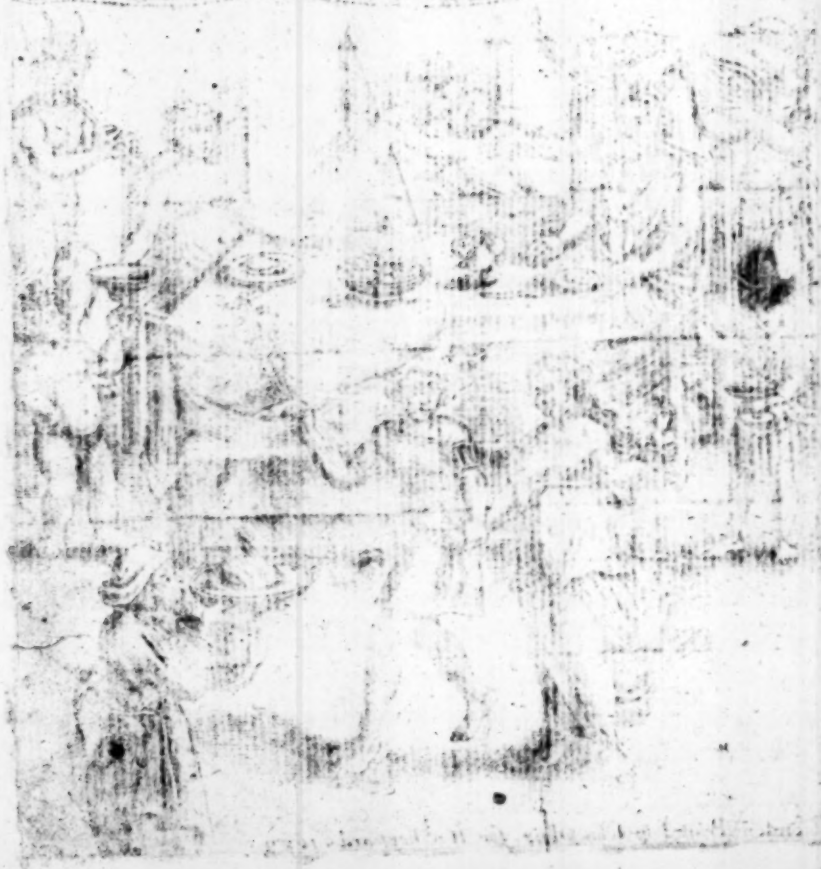
Written by, Shakerly Marmion .

*Principibus placuisse Viris non Ultima laus est.*



London. Printed by John Oates for H. Sheppard. 1697.

THE  
OF  
CAPTIVITY  
AND  
FUGITIVE



TO THE HIGH  
AND MIGHTY, CHARLES  
LODWICK, Prince Elector, Count  
Palatine of the *Rheine*, Arch Dapifer,  
Vicar of the Sacred Empire, Duke of  
*Bavaria*, and Knight of the most  
*Noble order of the Garter.*

High and Mighty Prince :

**T**is not the greatnesse of an  
Oblation, but the sincerity  
which the gods are delighted  
with : from this hope, and out  
of an ambitious zeale, to be-  
come your adorers, the *Muses* amidst so many,  
and rich presents, have prepared this slender  
offering, and are themselves both the Priests,  
and the Sacrifice : Their devotion is cloath'd  
with purity, and their affections, are both  
earnest and powerful; for their wishes of your  
happi-

( )

happinesse are no lesse than assurances, and their desires prophecies : For this *Poem*, it was yours ere conceived; and the hope of being so, was both the efficient & finall cause of its production; for the Dedication was elder than the birth of it : And however in the outward barke and title thereof, it appeare painted with vanity, yet is that, but as a light garment to cover more deepe and weighty mysteries.

The dignity of the Subject thus calculated, the season of the yeare partly warrants an acceptation, but chiefly those royall and fresh springing ornaments of Candor and ingenuity, which are so conspicuous through your greatnesse : It has ever beene the priviledge of *Poesie*; to claime accesse to the best and, most noble persons; and if this worke shall be so happy, as to beare the impresse of your Princely approbation, it shall then passe currant to the World, and publish the great honour done to

Your Highnesse most  
humbly devoted:

SNACKERLEY MARMION.



To his worthy friend Master  
Shackerley Marmion, upon his Poem of  
Cupid and Psyche.

To give the world assurance, in this cold  
And laden age, that Love must ne're be old,  
Cupid and Psyche thou hast renderd more  
Youthfull and faire, than did the age of gold:  
And if the sweetnesse they had heretofore  
Found't wast decay; thou dost it now restore  
With large increase, instructing Love to love,  
And in his Mistresse more affection move,  
In this thy Poem; which thou hadst a pen  
From Loves owne wing to write, powerfull above  
His shafts: For thou some Iron hearts of men  
Hast made in Love with Poetic; that till then  
Could not discern her beauty, and lesse see  
Her excellence, as it is drawne out by thee,  
In perfect Love-lines: Cupid smiles to see't,  
And crownes his Mistresse with thy Poetry,  
Compos'd of Syllables, that kisse more sweete  
Then Violets and Roses when they meet:  
And we, thine Arts just Lovers, as we looke  
On Cupid kissing Psyche, kisse thy Booke.



To his loving friend, Mr. Shackerley  
Marmion, the Authour.

FRIEND, I have read thy *Poem*, full of wit,  
A Master-piece, Ile set my seale to it:  
Let Judges reade, and ignorance be gone:  
'Tis not for vulgar thumbs to sweat upon  
This learned worke : thy Muse flies in her place:  
And Eagle-like, lookes *Phabus* in the face.  
Let those voluminous Authours, that affect  
Fame rather great, than good, thy worth reject.  
Jewels are small : how'nlike art thou to those,  
That tire out Rime, and Verse, till they trot Prose:  
And ride the Muses *Pegasus*, poore jade,  
Till he be foundred; and make that their trade:  
And to fill up the sufferings of the beast,  
Foot it themselves three hundred miles at least.  
These have no mercy on the Paper rheames,  
But produce plaies, as schole-boys do write theams.  
Thou keepst thy Muse in breath, and if men wage  
Gold on her head, will better runne the stage:  
And 'tis more praise, than hadst thou labour'd in't,  
To brand the world with twenty such in print.

Francis Tuckyr.

~~~~~  
To his true friend the Author, Maister  
*Shackerley Marmion, &c.*

**W**hat need I racke the limbs of my weak  
*Muse,*  
To fill a page might serve for better use?  
Then make some Iquint-ey'd Reader censure me  
A Flatterer, for iustly praying *thee*?  
It is enough, (and in that causes right  
Many thy former *workes* may boldly fight)  
He for a good one must this *piece* allow,  
Reades but the *Title*, and thy *Name* below.

*Tho. Nabbes.*

~~~~~  
Of my worthy friend, Mr. *Shackerley*  
*Marmion*, upon his Poem, of *Cupid*  
and *Psyche*.

**L**ove and the Soule are two things, both Divine,  
Thy task (friend *Marmion*) now, which once was  
What I writ was Dramaticall; thy *Muse* (mine,  
Runnes in an *Epick* straine, which they still use,

*B*

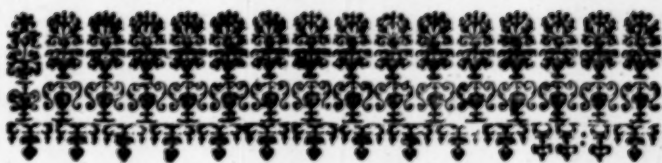
*Who*

## To the Author.

*Who write Heroicke Poems. Thine is such,  
Which when I read, I could not praise too much.  
The Argument is high, and not within  
Their shallow reach to catch, who hold no sin  
To taxe, what they conceive not; the best minds  
Iudge trees by fruit, not by their leaves and rinds.  
And such can find (full knowledge having gain'd)  
In leaden Fables, golden truths contain'd.  
Thy subjects of that nature, a sublime  
And weighty rapture, which being cloath'd in ryme,  
Carries such sweetnesse with't, as hadst thou sung  
Vnto Apollo's Harpe, being newly strung.  
These, had they issued from an others Pen,  
A stranger, and unknowne to me, I then  
Could not have bin so pleas'd: But from a Friend,  
Where I might enuy, I must now commend.  
And glad I am this faire course thou hast runne,  
Vnnext to see my selfe so farre out done.  
Twixt Intimates, who mutuall love professe,  
More's not requir'd, and mine could show no lesse.*

Thomas Heywood.

(:)



*The Argument.*

**H**ere were inhabitant in a certaine  
Cittie, a King and Queene, who had  
three Daughters; the elder two of  
a moderate, and meane beauty; but the yon-  
gest was of so curious, so pleasing a feature,  
and exact symmetry of body, that men e-  
steem'd her generally a Goddesse, and the  
*Venus* of the earth. Her sisters being happily  
married to their desires and dignities, shee  
only out of a super-excellency of perfection,  
became rather the subject of adoration, then  
*Love*. *Venus* conceiving an offence, and en-  
vious of her good parts, incites *Cupid* to a  
revenge, and severe vindication of his mo-  
thers honour. *Cupid* like a fine Archer, com-  
ming to execute his mothers designe, fals in  
love with the maide, and wounds himselfe.  
*Apollo*, by *Cupids* subornation, adjudges her in  
B 2 marriage

## *The Argument.*

marriage to a *Serpent*. Vpon which, like *Andromeda*, she is left chain'd to a Rocke, her marriage being celebrated, rather with funerrall obsequies, than Hymenæall solemnities. In this miserable affright she is borne farre away by the west Wind, to a goodly faire house, whose wealth and statelinesse no praise can determine. Her husband in the deadnesse, and solitude of night, did oft-times enioy her, and as he entred in obscurity, so he departed in silence, without once making himselfe knowne unto her: thus she continued for a long season, being onely waited upon by the ministry of the winds, and voyces: Her sisters came every day to seeke, and bewaile her; and though her husband did with many threats prohibit her the sight of them; yet naturall affection prevailed above coningall duty; for she never ceased with teares to solícite him, till he had permitted their access. They no no sooner arived, but instantly corrupt her, and with wicked counsell deprave her understanding, infusing a beliefe, that she had married



### *The Argument.*

married, and did nightly embrace a true Serpent; nor are they yet contented to turne the heaven of her security into the hell of suspicion, but with many importunities proceed, exhorting her to kill him, which she also assents unto: Thus credulity proves the mother of deceite, and curiosity the Step-mother of safety: Having thus prepar'd for his destruction, the Sceane is altered, and shee acts the Tragedy of her owne happy fortunes; for comming with an intent to mischief him, so soone as the light had discovered what he was, shee falls into an extremity of love and passion, being altogether ravisht with his beauty and habiliments; and while she kisses him, with as little modesty as care; the burning Lampe drops upon his shoulder, whereupon her husband furiously awakes, and having with many expostulations abandoned her falsehood, scornes and forsakes her: the maide after a tedious pilgrimage to regaine his love and society: *Ceres* and *Juno* having both repulsed her, freely at the last offers up her selfe to *Venus*,  
where

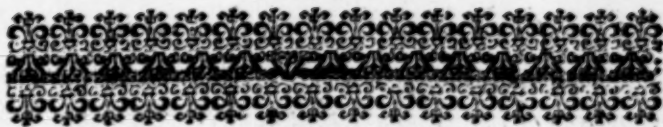
## *The Argument.*

where through her iniunctions and imperious commands: she is coarsely intreated, and set to many hard and grievous taskes: as first the seperation of severall graines; with the fetching of the *Stygian* water, and the golden fleece, and the boxe of beauty from *Proserpine*; all which by divine assistance being performed, shee is reconcil'd, and in the presence of all the gods married to her husband: the wedding is solemniz'd in heaven.



The





## The Mitheology.

**B***Y the City is meant the World : by the King and Queene God, and Nature : by the two elder sisters, the flesh and the will : by the last the soule, which is the most beautifull, and the youngest, since she is infused, after the body is fashioned : Venus, by which is understood lust, is feigned to envy her, and stirre up Cupid, which is Desire, to destroy her : But because Desire has equall relation both to good and evil, he is here brought in to love the soule, and to be ioyned with her, whom also he perswades not to see his face ; that is, not to learne his delights and vanities : for Adam, though he were naked, yet he saw it not, till he had eaten of the tree of concupiscence. And whereas, she is said to burne him, with the despumation of the Lampe; by that is understood, that she vomits out the flames of desire, which was hid in her breast ; for desire the more it is kindled, the more it burnes, and makes as it were a blister in the minde. thus, like Eve, being made naked through desire, she is  
cast*

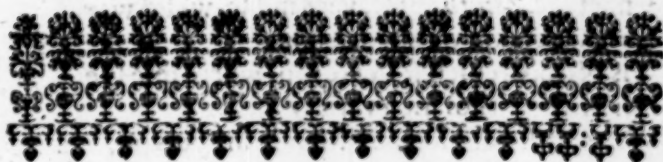
## The Mitheology.

cast out of all happinesse, exhibit'd from her house, and tost with many dangers : By Ceres and Iuno both repulsing of her, is meant, that neither wealth, nor honour, can succour a distressed soule : in the separation of severall graines, is understood the act of the soule, which is recollection ; and the substance of, that act, her fore-past sinnes : by her going to hell and those severall occurrences, are meant the many degrees of despaire : by the Stygian water, the teares of repentance ; and by the golden fleece, her forgivenesse. All which, as in the argument is specified, being by divine providence accomplisht, she is married to her spouse in heaven.



A Mo-





A Morall Poem,  
*Intituled the Legend of CUPID*  
and PSICHE.



THE FIRST SECTION.



**R**uth sayes of old, and we must owe that truth  
Vnto tradition, when the world in youth,  
W<sup>ch</sup> was the goldē age, brought forth the pen,  
Love and the *Muses*, which since gave to men  
Inheritance of Fame, for these began  
At once, and were all coëtanen.  
A happy season, when the ayre was cleare;  
No sicknesse, nor infection did appeare,  
No sullen change of seasons did molest  
The fruitfull soyle, but the whole yeare was blest:  
With a perpetuall *Spring*, no *Winter* storme  
Did crispe the *Hills*, nor mildew blast the *Corne*:  
Yet happier farre, in that it forth did bring  
The subject of this verse, whercof I sing

C

Vnder

## Cupid and Psyche.

Vnder the *Zenith* of Heavens milke-white way,  
Is a faire country called *Lusinia*,  
'Tis Natures chiefeft Wardrop, where doe lye  
Her ornaments of rich variety :  
Where first her glorious Mantle she puts on,  
When through the world she rides proceffion;  
Here dwelt a King and Queene of mighty power,  
Iudg'd for their vertues, worthy such a dower.  
They had betwixt themselves three Daughters born,  
Conspicuous for their comlinesse and forme.  
The elder two did neither much excell,  
But then the younger had no paralell;  
Whose lovely cheekes with Heavenly luster shone,  
And eyes were farre too bright to looke upon:  
Nay, it is credible, though fancies wing (bring  
Should mount above the *Orbes*, and thence downe  
Th' Elixar of all beauty, and dispence  
Vnto one creature, the whole influence,  
And harmony of the Speares, it might not dare  
VVith her for face and feature, to compare  
*Zeuxis* the painter, who to draw one peece;  
Survay'd the choycest Virgins of all *Greece*,  
Had rested here, his Art without this stir,  
Might have beene bounded, and confin'd in her.  
Looke how the spiced fields in *Autumne* smell,  
And rich perfumes, that in *Arabia* dwell:  
Such was her fragrant sweetnesse, the Sunnes Bird,  
The *Phanix* fled farre off, and was afraid  
To be seene neere, least she his pride should quell,  
Or make him seeme a common spectacle.  
Nor did the painted Peacocke once presume,  
Within her presence to display his plume.

Nor



## Cupid and Psyche.

Nor Rose, nor Lilly durst their Silkes unfold,  
But shut their leaves up like the Marygold.  
They all had beene ill favour'd, she alone  
Was judg'd the Mistresse of perfection.  
Her fame spread farre abroad, and thither brought  
Thousands, that gazing worshipt her, and thought  
The Goddesse, whom the greene-fac'd Sea had bred,  
And dew of foaming waves had nourished.  
*Venus* her selfe, regardlesse of her honour,  
Did live with mortals, whosoe'r lookt on her,  
Even most prophane, did think she was divine,  
And grudg'd not to doe worship to her shrine.  
For this cause, *Venus* Temples were defac'd,  
Her sacrifice, and Ceremonies rac'd;  
Her widdowed Altars in cold ashes mourn'd,  
Her Images uncrown'd, her Groves deform'd :  
Her Rites were all polluted with contempt,  
For none to *Paphos*, nor *Cytheras* went.  
This Maide was sole ador'd, *Venus* displeas'd,  
Might in this Virgin onely be appeas'd :  
The people in the street to her would bow,  
And as she past along, would Garlands strow.  
*Venus* at this conceiv'd a jealous ire,  
(For heavenly minds burne with an earthly fire)  
And spake with indignation, what shall I,  
Mother of Elements, and loſticiest skie,  
Beginner of the world, Parent of Nature,  
Pertake mine honour with an earthly creature ?  
Shall silly girles destin'd to death, and Fate,  
My high-borne name, and stile contaminate ?  
In vaine did then the *Phrygian* Shepherd give  
The Ball to me, when three of us did strive

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Who should excel in beauty, and all stood  
Naked before the Boy, to tempt his blood,  
When they with Royall gifts sought to beguile  
His judgement, I lur'd him with a smile:  
But this usurper of my dignities,  
Shall have but little cause to boast the prize;  
With that she call'd her rash, and winged child  
Arm'd with Bow, Torch, and quiver: that is wild  
With mischief, he that with his evil waies  
Corrupts all publick discipline, and straies  
Through chambers in the night, & with false beames,  
Or with his stinging Arrowes, or with dreames,  
Tempt unto lust, and does no good at all:  
This childe I say did *Venus* to her call,  
And stirres him up with words malicious,  
That was by nature too licentious:  
For bringing him where *Psyche* dwelt, for so  
This Maid was call'd, she there unfolds her woe,  
And emulous tale. *Cupid* quoth she, my stay,  
My onely strength, & power, whose boundles sway,  
Contemnes the thunder of my Father *Iove*,  
I here intreate thee by thy Mothers love,  
Those wounding sweets, and sweet wounds of thy  
And honey burnings of thy torch, deliver (*Quiver*,  
My Soule from griefe, revenge me on this mayd  
And all her boasted beauty see decay'd,  
Or else strike her in love with one so poore,  
So miserably lost, stript of all store  
Of meanes, or vertue; so deform'd of limb,  
That none in all the world may equall him.  
To move her Sonne, no flattering words she spar'd,  
But breath'd on him with kisses, long and hard,

This

## Cupid and Psyche.

This done, she hasts to the next ebbing shore,  
And with her rosie feet insulting ore  
The submisse waves, a *Dolphin* she bestrides,  
And on the utmost Billows proudly rides.  
A troupe of *Tritons* were straight sounding heard,  
And rough *Portunus* with his mossy beard,  
*Salacia* heavy with her fishy traine,  
And *Nereus* daughters came to entertaine  
The Sea-borne Goddesse, some plaid on a shell,  
Some with their Garments labour'd to expell  
The scorching heat, and Sun-shine from her face,  
And other some did hold a looking-glasse:  
All these in triumph by the *Dolphin* swam,  
And followed *Venus* to the Ocean;  
*Psyche* the while, in this great height of blisse,  
Yet reapes no fruit of all her happinesse,  
For neither King, nor Prince, nor Potentate,  
Nor any durst attempt her for a mate,  
But as a polisht picture her admire,  
And in that admiration cease desire:  
Her Sisters both, whose moderate beauty none  
Did much despise, nor much contemplate on,  
Vere to their wishes happily contracted,  
And by two Kings espous'd. *Psyche* distracted  
Because she had no lover, pensive sate  
In mind, and body, and began to hate,  
And curse that beauty, and esteeme at nought,  
Which, but was excellent, had no other fault.  
*Cupid* now in a causelesse rage was gone,  
To whet his Arrowes on a bloody stone,  
As if he were t'encounter with some maine  
Monster, like *Python*, by *Apollo* slaine,

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Or *Ioue*, or *Titan* lame; or once agen,  
Draw the pale Moone downe to the *Latmian* Den,  
Or with *Love's* fire great *Pluto* to annoy,  
For these were workes of labour, and the Boy  
Was ignorant, how matters would succeed,  
Or what the fate of Beauty had Decreed.  
Therefore he fyl'd his arrowes sharpe and smal,  
To pierce what ever they should meet withal.  
*And* vow'd, if cause were, he his shafts would shiver,  
'Gainst *Psyches* breast, and empty all his Quiver.  
*Themis* a Goddesse, whom great *Ioue* had sent  
Into the World, for good, or punishment,  
As justice should require, when she did heare  
*Cupid* so proudly boast, againe did sweare,  
That she his haughty malice would abate,  
And turne the edge, both of his shafts, and hate.  
And having thus disarm'd him, ten to one,  
VVould change his fury to affection.  
A clap of *Thunder* all about them shooke,  
To ratifie, what *Themis* undertooke.  
Then both together went, and entring found,  
Faيرة *Psyche*, with her looks fixt on the ground.  
*Honor* and *Modesty*, with equall grace,  
*Simplicity* and truth, smil'd in her face.  
But rising up, there shot from eyther eye,  
Such beames, as did *Love's* senses stupefie.  
And as in this distraction he did stand,  
He let his arrowes fall out of his hand.  
VVhich *Themis* laughing tooke, and thence conuay'd,  
VVhi'ft *Cupid* minded nothing but the *Mayde*.  
Then did he crye amaz'd, what fence is here?  
Beauty and Vertue have no other spheare.

Her

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Her brow's a Castle, and each lip a Fort,  
Where thousand armed Deities resort  
To guard the golden fruit from all surprize,  
Chastly, and safe, as the *Hesperides*.  
Pardon me, *Venus*, if I thee abridge  
Of this unjust revenge; 'twere sacrilidge,  
Beyond *Prometheus* theft, to quench such fire,  
Or steale it from *her* eyes, but to inspire  
*Cupids* owne breast, in all *Loves* spoyles, I yet  
Never beheld so rich a Cabinet.  
*Iove*, here for ever, here, my heart confine,  
And let me all my Empery resign.  
Then looking downe, he found himselfe bereft  
Of his loose armes, and smil'd at *Themis* theft;  
Because he knew, she might as soone abide  
Fire in her bosome, as *Loves* arrows hide.  
But that they must againe with shame be sent,  
And claime, for the possession, a deare rest:  
Yet one dropt out by chance, and 'twas the best  
Of all the bundle, and the curiousst.  
The plumes were colour'd azure, white, and red,  
The shaft painted alike downe to the head,  
Which was of burnisht Gold: this *Cupid* tooke,  
And in revenge, through his owne bosome strooke:  
Then sighing call'd, You *Lovers* all, in chiefe)  
Whom I have wrong'd, come triumph at my griefe;  
See, and be satisfied for all my sinne,  
'Tis not one place that I am pained in,  
My Arrows venome is dispersed round,  
And beauties signe is potent in each wound.  
Thus he with pittie did himselfe deplore,  
For never pittie enter'd him before.

## Cupid and Psyche.

Ill as he was, he tooke his flight, and came  
Vnto the palace of the Sun, whose flame  
VVas farre interior to what *Cupid* felt;  
And said, deare *Phæbus*, if I still have dealt  
Like a true friend, and stood thee in some need,  
VVhen thou for love didst like a shepheard feed,  
*Admetus* Cattle, now thine helpe impart,  
Tis not for Phisicke, though I am sick at heart,  
That I implore, but through thy skill devine  
The fairest *Psyche* for my wife assigne:  
*Phæbus* assents, and did not long delay,  
To make it good by a Prophetick way;  
Her Father fearing for the injury,  
Offerd to *Venus* sacred Deity,  
Consults the *Delpick* Oracle, who thus  
Expounds his mind in tearmes ambiguous.

### The Oracle.

*Your Daughter bring to a steepe mountaine spire,  
Invested with a funerall attire;  
Expect no good, but bind her to a stake,  
No mortall wight, her for a wife shall take:  
But a huge venom'd Serpent, that does fly  
With speckled wings, above the starry sky.  
And downe againe, does the whole Earth molest  
With fire, and sword, and all kind of unrest,  
So great in malice, and so strong in might,  
That Heaven, and hell doe tremble at his flight.*

The King affrighted what this speech should weene  
Goes slow, and sadly home unto his Queene,  
Both ponder in their mind the strange prediction,  
VVhether it were a riddle, or a fiction:

What



## Cupid and Psyche.

What glosse it might endure, and what pretence,  
Whither a verbal, or a mistick fence;  
Which cast about in vaine, they both bewaile  
Their Daughters chance, but grieve can not prevaile;  
But that she must fulfill the *Delpicke* doome,  
Or worse plagues are threatned in the roome:  
And now the pitchy torches lighted are,  
And for her farall Marriage they prepare,  
Songs are to howlings turn'd, bright fire to fume,  
And pleasant musicke to the *Lydian* tune:  
For *Hymens* Saffron weed, that should adorne  
Young blushing Brides, *Psyche* is forc'd to mourne,  
And for her mourning a blacke mantle weares,  
With which she gently wipes away her teares.  
Thus all the City waite her in sad wise,  
Not to her wedding, but her obsequies;  
But whilst her parents weake excuses make,  
And vaine delaies, thus *Psyche* them bespake:  
Why doe you thus with deepe fetch't sighs perplex  
Your most unhappy age? why doe you vex  
Your spirit, which is mine, and thus disgrace  
With fruitlesse teares, your venerable face?  
Why doe you teare your haire, and beat your brest?  
Are these the hopefull issues, and the blest  
Rewards for beauty? then ought you lament,  
When all the City with a joynd consent  
Did stile me the new *Venus*, and ascrib'd  
Those honours which to mortals are deny'd.  
'Twas your ambition first pluckt on my shame,  
I see, and feele my ruine in her name:  
'Tis now to late, we suffer under those  
Deepe wounds of envy, which the Gods impose;

D

Where

## Cupid and Psyshe.

Where is the rocke? why doe you linger so?  
Leade hence, my thinks I long to undergoe  
This happy Marriage, and I long to see  
My noble Husband, whatsoere he bee:  
Into his armes, ô let me soone be hurl'd,  
That's borne for the destruction of the world.  
This said, each stander by, with hang'd downe head  
And mournfull pompe the Virgin followed,  
And to the place prefixt her armes they tye,  
Then howling forth a dolefull Elegy,  
Depart from her in teares, wishing from farre  
Some winged *Perseus* might deliver her.  
*Psyshe* affrighted thus, and they all gone,  
A gentle gale of wind came posting on,  
Who with his whispers having charm'd her feares,  
The maid asleep on his soft bosome beares.  
This wind is called *Zephirus*, whose mild  
And fruitfull breath gets the young Spring with child,  
Filling her wombe with such delicious heat,  
As breeds the blooming Rose, and Violet:  
Him *Cupid* for his delicacy chose,  
And did this amorous taske on him impose,  
To fetch his Mistresse; but least he should burne  
With beauties fire, he bad him loone returne:  
But all in vaine, for promises are fraile,  
And vertue flies, when love once blowes the sayle,  
For as she slept, he lingred on his way,  
And oft embrac'd, and kist her as his praye,  
And gaz'd to see how farre she did surpasse  
*Erichthens* Daughter, wife to *Boreas*,  
Faيرة *Orythia*; and as she began  
To waxe hot through his motion, he would fan.

And

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

And coole her with his wings, which did disperse  
A perfum'd sent, through all the vniverse;  
For 'fore that time, no fragrant smell did live  
In any thing, till *Psyche* did it give:  
Herbes, Gummes, and spices had perhaps a name,  
But their first odours from her breathing came:  
And in this manner *Zephirus* flew on  
With wanton gyres, through every region  
Of the vast ayre, then brought her to a vale,  
Where thousand severall flowers her sweets exhale:  
The whilst her parents rob'd of her deare sight,  
Devote themselves to everlasting night.

### *The Second Section.*

**T**HUS *Psyche* on a grassy bed did lye,  
Adorn'd with *Floraes* richest tapestry,  
Where all her senses with soft slumber bound,  
At last awakt, and rising from a swoound  
She spies a wood, with faire trees beautif'd,  
And a pure christall Fountaine by the side;  
A Kingly Palace stood not farr apart,  
Built not with humane hands, but devine Art;  
For by the structure men might guesse it be  
The habitation of some Deiry:  
The Roofe within was curiously o're spread  
With *Ivory*, and Gold enamelled;  
The Gold was burnisht, glistering like a flame,  
And Golden pillers did support the same;  
The walles were all with Silver wainscott lin'd,  
With severall Beasts, and Pictures there inscrib'd,  
The Floure, and Pavement with like glory shone,  
Cut in rare figures, made of pretious Stone,

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

That though the Sun should hide his light away,  
You might behold the house through its owne day.  
Sure 'twas some wondrous power by *arts* extent  
That fancied forth so great an argument:  
And no lesse happy they, that did command,  
And with their feet trod on so rich a land,  
*Psyche* amaz'd, fixt her delighted eye,  
On the magnificence, and treasury,  
And wondred most, that such a masse of wealth  
Was by no doore, nor guard, preserv'd from stealth:  
For looking when some servant should appeare,  
She onely heard voices attending there,  
That said, faire Mistresse why are you afraide?  
All these are yours, and we to doe you ayd.  
Come up into the roomes, where shall be showne  
Chambers all ready furnisht, all your owne:  
From thence descend, and take the spiced aire,  
Or from your bath unto your bed repaire,  
Whilst each of vs, that *Eccho* represents,  
Devoyd of all corporeall instruments,  
Shall waite your Minister: no Princely fare  
Shall wanting be, no dilligence, no care,  
To doe you service. *Psyche* had the sence  
To tast, and thanke the Gods beneficence:  
VWhen straight, a mighty golden dish was brought,  
Repleat with all the dainties can be thought,  
And next a bowle was on the table set,  
Fraught with the richest Nectar, that ere yet  
Faire *Hebe* fill'd to *Iuno*, Heavens Queene,  
Or *Ganimed* to *Iove*; yet none was scene,  
Nor creature found to pledge, or to begin,  
But some impulsive spirit brought it in.

The

## Cupid and Psyche.

The banquet ended, there was heard on high,  
A consort of celestiall harmony :  
And Musick, mixt with sounds articulate,  
That *Phæbus* selfe might strive to emulate.  
All pleasures finisht, *Psyche* went to rest,  
But could finde none, because her troubled breast  
Labour'd with strange events, and now the noone  
Of night began t'approach, and the pale Moone  
Hid her weake beames, and sleepe had seiz'd all eyes,  
But Lovers, vext with feares and jealousies.  
What female heart, or conscience so strong  
Through the discharge of sinne ? but yet among  
So many fancies of her active braine,  
She must a hundred terrours entertaine ?  
And more, and greater her amazements were,  
Because she knew not, what she was to feare.  
In came her dreadfull husband, so conceiv'd,  
Till his sweet voyce told her, she was deceiv'd.  
For drawing neare, he sate upon the bed,  
Then laid his gentle hand upon her head,  
And next embrac'd, and kist, and did imbrew  
Her balmy lips with a delicious dew :  
So, so, sayes he, let each give up his treasure,  
Quite bankrupt through a rich exchange of pleasure.  
So lets sweet *Loves precludiums* begin,  
My armes shall be thy Spheare to wander in,  
Circled about with spells, to charme thy feares.  
Instead of *Morpheus* to provoke thy teares,  
With horrid dreames, *Venus* shall thee entrance  
With thousand shapes of wanton dalliance:  
Each of thy senses thou shalt perfect find,  
All but thy sight, for *Love* ought to be blind.

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

And having said so, he made haste to bed.  
Enjoy'd his spouse, and got her Maydenhead:  
And least that she his feature should disclose,  
He went away before the morning rose:  
Her vocall servants watching at the dore,  
With their mild whispers enter'd in before  
*Psyche* awak't, and joy'd the bride to see,  
And cheer'd her for her staine virginity.  
These things being acted in continued time,  
And as all humane natures doe incline  
To take delight by custome, *Psyche* so  
With these æreall comforts eas'd her woe:  
But yet her Parents with unwearied griefe  
Waxt old in teares, and hated all reliefe.  
Her Sisters too forsooke their house, and home,  
And came to adde unto their fathers moane.  
That night her husband *Psyche* thus bespake,  
Alas sweet heart, what comfort can I take,  
That spend the day in sighes, when you are gone,  
Rob'd of all humane conversation:  
My undistinguish'd friends are banisht quite,  
That almost weepe their eyes out for my sight,  
Not one of all to beare me company:  
O let me see my sisters, or I dye.  
Her husband her imbrac'd, and kist away  
Those hurtfull teares, and thus began to say:  
*Psyche* my sweet, and dearest wife, I see,  
Fortune begins to threat thy misery.  
What envious Fate suggests this banefull boone,  
To force my griefe, and thy destruction?  
Thy sisters both, through their vaine fancies led,  
And troubled with the thought that thou art dead,



## *Cupid and Psyche.*

VWill seek thee forth : but if thou shouldst regard  
Their fruitlesse teares, or speake to them a word,  
Or by their wicked counsell seek to pry  
With sacrilegious curiosiry, (throw  
And view my shap, how quickly wouldst thou  
Thy selfe downe headlong to the depth of woe :  
Thy wretched state for ever to deplore,  
Nor must thou hope to touch me any more.  
*Psyche* regardlesse, what his love, or feares  
Did prompt unto her good, still perseveres  
In her rash vote : for all ( though to their cost )  
Desire forbidden things ; but women most.  
My honey husband, my sweet love, quoth she,  
How doe I prize thee, what soere thou be :  
Above my soule, more then my owne deare life :  
Nor would I change to be young *Cupids* wife.  
And rather vow'd a thousand deaths to dye,  
Then live divorc'd from his society.  
Her husband overcome through his owne fire,  
VWhich her impressive kisses did inspire :  
Gives way to his new spouse, and a strict charge  
To *Zephrus*, that he should spread at large  
His plummy sayles, and bring her sisters twaine,  
Both safe in presence of his wife, in paine,  
To be in prison, and strict durance bound,  
VWith the earths weighty fetters under ground,  
And a huge mountaine to be laid upon  
His ayerie backe, which if it once were done,  
No power could e're redeeme his liberty,  
Nor *Aeolus* himselfe might set him free.  
Lovers commands are still imperious:  
VWhich made the fierce and haughty *Zephyrus*

Swell.

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Swell with close indignation, and fret  
To see his service slighted so, but yet  
Not daring to proclaime his discontent,  
Made a soft noise, and murmur'd as he went.  
By chance her sisters at that instant time,  
With long laborious steps the Hill did clime,  
Where *Psyche* first was left, and with their plaine,  
Waken the rocks, still they resolt againe.  
Calling their sister by her proper name,  
With hideous cryes, untill the west winde came,  
And as command was, in a winged chaire,  
With harmelesse portage bore them through the aire.  
All three together by this meanes combin'd,  
Embrace each other with a mutuall mind.  
Vatill their spirits, and the day was spent  
In long, and ceremonious complement.  
Sometimes faire *Psyche*, proud her friends were by,  
To witnesse her majestick bravery :  
Vshering her sisters with affected gate,  
VWould shew them all her glory, and her state,  
And round about her golden house display  
The massie wealth that unregarded lay.  
Sometimes she would demonstrate to their eares  
Her easie power on those familiars,  
That like a numerous family did stand,  
To execute the charge of her command.  
Nor was there wanting any thing, that might  
Procure their admiration, or delight :  
That whereas erst they pittied her distresse,  
Now swell with envy of her happinesse.  
There is a Goddesse flies through the earths globe  
Girt with a cloud, and in a squalid robe,

Daughter

## Cupid and Psyche.

Daughter to *Pluto*, and the silent night;  
Whose direfull presence does the *Sun* affright.  
Her name is *Asp*, venome is her food,  
The very *Furies* and *Tartarian* brood  
Doe hate her for her uglinessse, she blacks  
Her horrid visage with so many *Snakes*:  
And as her tresses 'bout her necke she hurles,  
The *Serpents* hisse within their knotty curls.  
Sorrow, and shame, death, and a thousand woes,  
And discord waites her, whereſoe're she goes,  
Who riding on a whirle wind through the sky,  
She saw faire *Psyche* in her jollity,  
And grudg'd to see it; for she does professe  
Her selfe a foe, to every good successe:  
Then cast to ruine her; but found no way,  
Lesse she could make her sisters her betray.  
Then dropt foure *Snakes* out of her hayry neck,  
And as they slept, cast two on eithers brest;  
Who peircing through their bosomes in a trice,  
Poyson'd their soules, but made no Orifice:  
And all this while the powerfull bane did lurke  
Within their hearts, and now beganto worke:  
For one of them, too farre inquisitive,  
With crafty malice did begin to dive  
Into her councell, studious for to learne,  
Whom so divine possession might concerne;  
But all in vaine, no lineall respect,  
No *Syren* charmes, might move her to reject  
His precepts; nothing they could doe, or say,  
Might tempt her, his sweet councell to betray.  
Yet least too much suspence of what he is, (this,  
Should trouble their loose thoughts, shee told them

## Cupid and Psyche

He was a faire young man, whose downie chin  
Was newly deckt with natures covering,  
And he that vs'd with hunting still to rome  
About the woods, and seldome was at home:  
But fearing their discourse might her entrap,  
She powres forth gold and jewels in their lap,  
And turning all their travell to their gaine,  
Commands the windes to beare them back againe.  
This done, her sisters after their returne,  
With envies fuell, both begin to burne,  
Vnable to containe their discontent,  
And to their swell'd up malice give a vent.  
Sayes one unto the other, what's the cause  
That we both priviledg'd by natures lawes,  
And of the selfe-same parents both begor,  
Should yet sustaine such an indifferent lot?  
You know, that we are like to hand-maids wed  
To strangers, and like strangers banished,  
When she, the off-spring of a latter birth,  
Sprung from a wombe, that like the tyred earth  
Grew old with bearing, not yet very wise, (prize  
Enjoyes that wealth, whose use, whose worth, whose  
She knowes not; what rich furniture there shone,  
What Gemmes, what gold, what silkes we trode upon:  
And if her husband be so braye a man  
As she affirms and boasts, what woman can  
In the whole world compare with her: at length  
Perhaps by customes progresse, and the strength  
Of Love, he may her like himselfe translate  
And make her with the gods participate:  
She has already for to come, and goe  
Voyces her hand-maids, and the windes, 'tis so;

She

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

She bore her selfe with no lesse Majesty,  
And breath'd out nothing but Divinity:  
But I poore wretch, the more to aggravate  
My cares, and the iniquity of Fate,  
Have got a Husband, elder then my Sire,  
And then a boy farre weaker in desire;  
Who, though he have nor will, nor power, to use  
What he enjoyes, does miser like refuse,  
To his owne wife this benefit to grant,  
That others should supply, his, and my want:  
Her Sister answers, Doe not I embrace  
A man farre worse, and is't not my owne case?  
I have a husband too not worth a point,  
And one, that has the Gout in every joynt:  
His Nose is dropping, and his eyes are gumm'd,  
His body crook'd, and his fingers numm'd:  
His head, which should of wisedome be the place,  
Is growne more bald than any Looking-glasse;  
That I am faine the part to undergoe,  
Not of a wife, but a Physician too;  
Still plying him, how ere my sense it loaths,  
VVith Oyles and Balmes, and cataplasmes & cloaths:  
Yet you see, with what patience I endure  
This servile office, and this fruitlesse cure,  
The whilst the minkes our Sister, you beheld  
With how great pride, and arrogance she swell'd,  
And though much wealth lay scatter'd all along,  
Yet out of it, how small a portion  
She gave to us, and how unwillingly,  
Then blew, or hist us from her company.  
Let me not breath, nor me a woman call,  
Valeffe I straight her ruine, or enthrall

## *Cupid and Psyche*

In everlasting misery : and first  
In this one poynt, i'll render her accurst,  
We will not any into wonder draw,  
Nor comfort, by relating what we saw,  
For they can not be sayd true joy to owne,  
Whose neither wealth nor happinesse is knowne.  
It is enough that we have seene, and grieve  
That we have seene it, let none else believe  
The truth from our report. So let's repaire  
To our own home, and our owne homely fare,  
And then returne to vindicate her pride,  
With fraud and malice strongly fortifi'd :  
Which to confirme, ungratefull as they were,  
(For wicked counsell ever is most deare  
To wicked people,) home againe they drew  
And their faim'd grieve most impiouly renew.

### *The third Section.*

**B**Y this faire *Psyche* wombe began to breed,  
And was made pregnant by immortall seed,  
Yet this condition was on her impos'd,  
That it should mortall prove, if she disclos'd  
Her husbands counsels : who can now relate  
The joy that she conceiv'd, to propagate  
A Divine birth : she reckons every day,  
And week, and month, and does her wombe survey,  
And wonders since so little was in fill'd :  
So small a vessell should so much be fill'd :  
Her husband smelling of her sisters drift,  
Began to call faire *Psyche* unto shift,  
And warne her thus, the utmost day, layes he,  
And latest chance, is now betalne to thee :



## *Cupid and Psyche.*

A sexe pernicious to thine owne deare blood,  
Has taken armes up to withstand thy good,  
Againe thy sisters with regardlesse care  
Of love, or pietie, come to ensnare,  
And tempt thy faith, which I forbad before,  
That thou my shape and visage shouldst explore :  
In lieu of which take up a like defence,  
Protecting with religious continence,  
Our house from ruine, and thy selfe prevent,  
And our small pledge from dangers imminent.  
*Psyche* with sighes and teares together blent,  
Breakes off his speech, since you a document  
Have of my silence, and my love, quoth she,  
Why should you feare to trust my constancie ?  
Which to confirme, bid *Zephirus* fulfill  
Once more his duty, and obey my will.  
That since your long'd for fight I am deny'd,  
I may behold my sisters by my side.  
Turne not away my love, I thee beseeke,  
By thy curld haire, and by thy silken cheek:  
Deigne from thy bountie this small boone to spare,  
Since the forc'd ignorance of what you are,  
Must not offend me, nor the darkest night,  
Where I embrace you in a greater light.  
Charm'd with her sugred words, he gives consent,  
That the swift winde, with haste incontinent,  
Although unwilling, should display his wing,  
And the she traytors to faire *Psyche* bring.  
Thus all together met, her sisters twaine,  
Embrace their prey, and a false love doeaine.  
*Psyche* sayes one, you are a mother growne,  
My thinkes your wombe like a full Rose is blowne.

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

O what a masse of comfort will accrew  
Vnto our friends and family from you?  
Certs this your child, if it be halfe so faire  
As is the mother, must be *Cupids* heire.  
Thus they with flatteries, and with many a smile,  
Pretending false affection, her beguile.  
And she out of her innocence, poore mayd,  
Gave easie credit unto all they sayd:  
And too too kinde, to a faire chamber led,  
Where with celestiaall dainties she them fed.  
She speakes unto the Lute, and straight it heares;  
She calles for raptures, and they swell their cares.  
All sorts of musicke sound, with many a lay,  
Yet none was present scene to sing or play.  
But as no mirth is pleasant to a dull  
And heavie soule, no lesse, they that are full  
Of cankred malice, all delight disdaine,  
But what doth nourish their delighted paine.  
So that no gifts nor price might mollifie,  
Nor no reward, nor kindnesse qualifie  
Their hardned hearts, still they are on fire,  
To sound her through, and make a strict inquire,  
What was her husband, what his forme, and age,  
And whence he did deduce his parentage:  
You read, how from simplicity at first,  
She fram'd a formall story, and what erst  
Shee told, she had forgot, and gan to saine  
Another tale, and of another straine:  
How that he was a man both rich, and wise,  
Of middle yecres, and of a middle size:  
A Merchant by profession, that did deale  
For many thousands in the common-weale.

With

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

With that they checkt her in the full careere  
Of her discourse, sayes one, nay sister deare,  
Pray doe not strive thus to impose upon  
Your loving friends, sure this description  
Must to his person needs be contrary,  
When in it selfe your speech does disagree.  
You lately boasted, he was young and faire;  
What does the soyle, or nature of the aire  
Bring age so sooner, and that he us'd to range  
About the woods, loe there's another change.  
Doe you conceit so ignorantly of us,  
We know not *Tethis* from *Hippolitus*?  
Green fields from seas, a billow from a hill,  
Fishes from beasts? then we had little skill.  
You much dissemble, or you have forgot  
His forme, and function, or you know them not.  
Then with the pressure of her eyes, she freed  
One yeare from prison, and did thus proceed:  
*Psyche* we grieve, and pittie you, that thus  
Are growne so carelesse, and incurious  
Of what you ought to feare: you thinke your selfe  
Much happy in your husband, and your selfe,  
But are deceiv'd, for we that watch,  
And at each opportunity doe catch,  
To satisfie our doubts, for truth have found,  
Both by his crawling footsteps on the ground,  
And by report of neighbouring husbandmen,  
That have espy'd him flying from his den.  
When he to them most hideously has yeeld,  
From his huge throat, with blood and poyson swel'd,  
That this your husband is of Serpent breed,  
Either of *Cadmus*, or of *Hydra's* leed.

Call.

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Call but the *Pythian* Oracle to minde,  
That you to such hard destiny assign'd,  
And think not all your art, or policy,  
Can cancell his prophetickall decree.  
Let not his Monsters usage for awhile,  
Your soule of just suspicion beguile,  
As that you still shall live at such high rate,  
And that these happy dayes shal ne're have date.  
Far be it, that my words should ill portend,  
Yet trust me, all these joyes must have an end:  
The time will come, when this your Paramour,  
In whom you so delight, shall you devoure.  
And when your womb casts her abortive brood,  
Then *Saturne* like, he will make that his food.  
For this prediction also bore a share,  
In what the god fore-told, but lest despaire  
Should load you with too great oppression,  
It was conceal'd, and therefore stands vpon,  
Whether through our advice, you will be sav'd,  
Or in his beastly entrayles be engrav'd.  
Now if this uncouth life, and solitude  
Please you, then follow it, and be still stew'd  
In the ranke lust of a lascivious worme:  
Yet we our pious duties shall performe.  
*Psyche* that tender was, grew wan, and pale,  
And swoone for dread of this so fadde a tale.  
Then fell she from the spheare of her right mind,  
And forgot all those precepts she combin'd,  
And vow'd to keepe, and her selfe headlong threw  
Into a thousand griefes, that must ensue.  
At last reviv'd, having her selfe upheav'd,  
With fainting voyce, thus half her words out breathd:  
Truely

## Cupid and *Psyche*

Truely my sisters deare, full well I see  
How you persist in constant piety:  
Nor did they, who suggest such words as these,  
In my opinion altogether lease:  
For to this houre, I never did survey  
My husbands shape, but forc'd am to obey  
What he commands, and doe embrace i'th night,  
A thing uncertaine, and that shunneth the light:  
Therefore to your assertions I assent,  
That with good reason seeme so congruent,  
For in my thoughts I can not judge at least  
But he must be a monster, or some beast;  
Hec uses so much cautionary care,  
And threatens so much ill, if I should dare  
To view his face; so I referre me to  
Your best advice, t'instruct me what to doe:  
Her sisters now arriv'd at the full scope  
Of their base plots, and seeing the gate open  
That kept her heart, scorn any artfull bayt,  
But use their downe right weapons of deceit:  
Saying, deare *Psyche*, nature should prevaile  
So much with us, if mischief did assaile  
Your person, in our sight: we were too blame  
Should we permit, and not divert the same;  
Yet wise men have their waies, and eyes still cleare,  
And leave no mists of danger, or of feare:  
You doe but brave your death, when you repell  
The whispers of your Genius, which would tell  
The perill you are in; nor are you sure  
Of longer life, till you are quite secure:  
Which to effect, provide a sword that's keene,  
And with it, a bright Lampe, and both unseen

## Cupid and *Psyche*

Hide in some place, untill a fitting houre  
Shall call them, to assist you with their power;  
Trust me, such spies, and counsellors are mute,  
And never nice, or slow to execute  
Any designe; so when your husbands eyes  
Are seal'd with sleepe, from your soft couch arise;  
And seaze this Dragon, when he least takes heed;  
Like *Pallas*, arm'd, and to his death proceed;  
And where his necke, and head, are joynd in one,  
Make me a speedy seperation:  
*Alcides* sonne of *Iove*, as rumour goes,  
Strangled two *Serpents* in his swadling cloathes;  
And can your strength faile to bring that to passe,  
Which halfe the labour of an infant was?  
Such wicked words they poure into her eare,  
More poysonous then her husband could appeare.  
*Psyche* was troubled, as the sea, in mind  
Approv'd their counsell, and againe declin'd  
What they perswade, now hastens, now delays,  
Dares, and not dares, and with a blush berrayes  
Her wandring passion, which knowes no meane,  
But travels from extreame, unto extreame:  
She loves him now, and does againe detest,  
Loves as a husband, hates him as a beast.  
The onely checke, and bridle to her hate,  
Was the fam'd story, and revengefull fate  
Of *Danans* daughters, who in hell are bound  
To fill a Vessell, they can never sound:  
She told the story to them, how all these  
Were fifty Virgins, call'd the *Belides*,  
Her Sisters list, while *Psyche* does discover,  
How each was too inhumane to her lover:

And



## Cupid and Psyche.

And in on night, made all their husbands bleed,  
With hearts, hard as the Steele, that did the deed:  
Yet one sayes she, most worthy of the name  
Of wife, and to it everlasting fame:  
Hight *Hypermetra*, with officious lye,  
Met with her Father; and his perjury:  
Who said unto her husband, youth arise,  
Least a long sleepe unfear'd, doe thee surprize.  
I will not hold thee captive, nor will strike  
This to thy heart; although my sisters, like  
So many cruell *Lyonesses*, voyd  
Of mercy, all their husbands have destroy'd.  
I am of nature soft, nor doe I dare  
To view, much lesse to act thy massacre;  
What though my Father me in prison lay,  
Or load me with Iron chaines, or send away  
Farre from his Kingdome, into banishment,  
Or tortures use, cause I would not consent  
To murder thee; however take thy flight,  
Post for thy life, whilst *Venus* and the night  
Doe fauour thee, and onely this vouchsafe  
VVhen I am dead, to write my Epitaph:  
The meere remembrance of this vertuous deed,  
Did a remorse, and kind of pittie breed  
In *Psyches* brest, for passions are insul'd,  
According to the stories, we are us'd  
To reade; and many men doe amorous prove,  
By viewing acts, and monuments of loue:  
But yet her sisters malice, that still stood  
In opposition, against all thats good,  
Ceases not to precipitate her on,  
Till they had gain'd this confirmation;

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

To put in all what ere they did desire,  
Thus fury like, they did her soule inspire:  
Night and her husband came, and now the sport  
Of *Venus* ended, he began to snort,  
*Psyche*, though weake of mind, and body both,  
Yet urg'd by cruell fate, and her rash oath,  
Rose up to make provision for her sinne;  
Lye still faire maide, thou mayst more honour win,  
And make thy murder glory, not a crime;  
If thou wouldst kill those thoughts, that doe beslime  
And knaw upon thy breast, and never cease  
With hissing clamours to disturbe thy peace,  
When thine owne heart with *Serpents* doth abound;  
Seeke not without, that may within be found.  
Yet was she not so cruell in her hast,  
But ere she kild him, she his lips would tast,  
Wishing she neede not rise out from her bed,  
But that she had the power to kisse him dead:  
Now with her lips she labours all she may,  
To sucke his soule out, whilst he sleeping lay,  
Till she at last through a transfused kisse,  
Left her owne soule, and was inspir'd with his;  
And had her soule within his body stay'd,  
Till he therein his vertues had convey'd,  
And all pollution would from thence remove,  
Then after all her thoughts had beene of love;  
But since she could not both of them retaine,  
She restor'd his, and tooke her owne againe:  
Sorry, that she was forc'd it to transferr,  
And wisht though dead, that he might live in her:  
Then in the one hand she held the emulour light,  
And in the other tooke the sword, so bright

As

## Cupid and Psyche.

As 'twould her beauty, and the fire our shine,  
And she thus arm'd, became more masculine,  
But when by friendship of the Lampe, her eye  
Had made a perfect true discovery  
Of all was in the roome, what did she see  
Object of Love, wonder of Deiry.  
The god of love himselfe, Cupid the faire  
Lye sweetly sleeping in his golden haire  
At this so heavenly sight, the lampy spire  
Encreas'd his flames, and burnt more pure, and higher.  
The very sencelesse sacrilegious steele,  
Did a strong vertue from his presence feele,  
Which turn'd the edge, poore Psyche all amaz'd,  
With joy, and wonder on his beauty gaz'd.  
His necke so white, his colour so exact,  
His limbes, that were so curiously compact  
His body sleeke, and smooth, that it might not  
Venus repent, to have such a sonne begot.  
A bright reflexion and perfumed sent,  
Fill'd all the roome with a mixt blandishment,  
Shot from his wings, and at his feete did lye  
His bow, and arrows, and his armory.  
And in this extasie she thought to hide  
The cursed steele, but in her owne deare side  
And had perform'd in sure, had not the sword,  
Flew from her hand, out of its owne accord.  
Glanfing on all with eyes unsatisfied,  
At last she his artillery spyed.  
The Quiver was of needle-worke wrought round  
With trophies of his owne, where Cupid crown'd  
Sate in the midst, with a Bay-wreath, which he  
Had proudly pluckt from the Penian tree.

## Cupid and Psyche.

Next *Venus* and *Adonis*, sad with paine,  
The one of *love*, the other of *disdaine* ;  
There *Jove* in all his borrowed shapes was drest,  
His thefts, and his adulteries exprest,  
As Emblemes of *Loves* triumph ; and these were  
Drawne with such lively colours, men would sweare,  
That *Lada* lay within a perfect bower,  
And *Danaes* golden streames, were a true shower.  
*Saturnus* two other sonnes did seeme to throw  
Their *Tridents* at his feete, and him allow  
For their Supreme ; and there were kneeling by  
*Gods*, *Nymphs*, and all their Genealogy  
Since the first *Chaos*, saving the abuse,  
And *Cupids* pride, none could the worke traduce.  
*Pallas* in envy of *Aracknes* skill,  
Or else to curry favour, and fulfill  
*Cupids* behest, which she durst not withstand,  
Had fram'd the emulous peece with her owne hand.  
And there were portray'd more a thousand loves  
Besides himselfe ; the skinnes of Turtle-doves  
Lin'd it within, and at the upper end,  
A silver plate the Quiver did extend,  
Full of small holes, where his bright shafts did lye ;  
Whose plumes were stiffe with gummes of *Araby*.  
His Bow was of the best, and finest Yew  
That in all *Ida*, or faire *Tempe* grew :  
Smooth as his cheeke, and checkerd as his wing,  
And at each end, tipt with a Pearle ; the string  
Drawne from the Optick of a Ladies eye,  
That whensoever he shoots, strikes harmony.  
*Psyche* with timorous heed, did softly touch  
His weapons, least her prophane hand might smutch  
The

## Cupid and Psyche.

The glosse of them : then drew a shaft, whose head  
Was wrought of Gold, for some are done with Lead,  
And laid her fingers end upon the Dare,  
Tempting the edge, untill it caus'd a smart :  
For being pointed sharpe, it raz'd the skin,  
Till drops of blood did trickle from within,  
She wounded with the poison, which it bore,  
Grew more in love, than ere she was before,  
Then as she would her selfe incorporate,  
She did her numerous kisses equall make  
Vnto his haire, that with her breath did play,  
Steept with rich *Nectar*, and *Ambrosia*,  
Thus being raviſht with exceſſe of joy,  
With kiſſing, and embracing the ſweet Boy,  
Loe, in the height of all her jollity,  
Whether from envy, or from tigathery,  
Or that it had a burning appetite,  
To touch that ſilken ſkin, that lookt ſo white,  
The wicked Lampe, in an unlucky houre,  
A drop of ſcalding oyle did let downe powre  
On his right ſhoulder, whence in horrid wiſe,  
A bliſter, like a bubble did ariſe,  
And boyl'd up in his fleſh, with a worſe fume,  
Then blood of Vipers, or the *Lernean* ſpume.  
Neere did the Dog-ſtarre rage with ſo great heate,  
In dry *Apulia*, nor *Alcides* ſweat  
Vnder his ſhirt ſo. Cruell oyle, that thou  
Who of all others haſt the ſmootheſt brow,  
Shouldſt play the traytor : who had any thing  
Worſe than thy ſelte, as fire, or venom'd ſting,  
Or *Sulphur* blaſted him, ſhouldſt firſt have came,  
And with thy powerfull breath ſuckt out the flame.

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

For though he be *Loves god*, it were but vaine,  
To thinke he should be privildg'd from paine.  
For we in *Homer* have like wounded read,  
Of *Mars*, and *Venus*, both by *Diomed*.  
But for this haynous and audacious fact,  
*Cupid* among his statutes did enact,  
Henceforth all lights be banisht, and exempt,  
From bearing office in *Loves* government.  
And in the day, each should his passage marke,  
Or learne to finde his Mistresse in the darke.  
Sure all the crew of lovers shall thee hate,  
Nor blest *Minerva* hold thee consecrate.  
When *Cupid* saw his counsellis open laid,  
*Psyche*s deare faith, and his owne plots betrayd,  
He buckled on his wings, away to fly,  
And had she not caught hold upon his thigh,  
And hung as an appendix of his flight,  
He questionlesse had vanisht from her sight.  
But as when men are in deepe rivers drown'd,  
And tane up dead, have their close fingers found,  
Clasping the weeds; so, though her armes were rackt  
With her more bodies weight, and sinews crackt,  
To follow him through the forc'd Element:  
Yet held she fast, untill he did relent,  
And his ambitious wings gan downward steere,  
And stoope to earth, with a mild Canceleere.

### *The fourth Section.*

**T**HUS lighted on the earth, he tooke her wrist,  
And wrung it hard, and did her hands untwist:  
And having freed himselfe, he flew on high,  
Vnto a *Cypresse tree* that grew thereby,

And



## *Cupid and Psyche.*

And on the utmost branches being fate,  
He did the matter thus capitulate;  
Was it for this indeed, for this reward,  
Thou silly girl, that I should disregard  
My mothers vowes, her teares, her flatteries?  
When she, with all the power she might devise,  
Provok't me to thy hurt, and thee assign'd  
In Marriage, to a groome of some base kind,  
And lowest ranke, had not my too much hast  
Redeem'd thy shame, and my owne worth disgrac'd;  
Was it for this I did thy plagues remove,  
To paine my selfe? strike mine owne heart in love,  
With mine owne shaft, that after all this geare,  
I should no berter then a beast appeare?  
For this, wouldst thou cut off my head, which bore  
Those eyes, that did thy beauty so adore?  
And yet thou knowst ungratefull wretch, how I  
Did with my feares, thy mischeifes still imply,  
And every day my cautions did renew,  
The breach of which thou must for ever rue:  
And each of these thy sisters, that were guide  
To thy ill act, shall dearely it abide:  
Yet will I punish thee no other way  
But onely this, I will for ever stray  
Farre from thy sight, and having said so, fled,  
Whilst she to heare this newes, lay almost dead:  
Yet prostrate on the ground, her eyes up cast,  
Ty'd to his winged speed; untill at last,  
She could no more discern; as *Dido*, then,  
Or *Ariadne*, by some Poets pen,  
Are sayn'd to grieve; whose artfull passions flow  
In such sweet numbers, as they make their woe

G

Appare

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Appeare delightfull, telling how unkind  
Their lovers stole away, and the same wind,  
That blew abroad their faith, and oathes before;  
Then fill'd their sayles, and how the troubled shore  
Answer'd the Ladies groanes, so *Psyche* faints,  
And beates her breast with pittifull complaints.  
There ran a River neere, whose purling streames,  
*Hyperion* oft, did with his golden beames  
Delight to gild, and as it fled along  
The pleasant murmurs, mixt with the sweet song  
Of aged *Swannes*, detain'd the frequent eare  
Of many a Nymph, which did inhabit there:  
Poore *Psyche* thither went, and from the brim,  
In sad despaire threw her selfe headlong in.  
The Rivers God; whither 'twere out of feare,  
Duty, or love, or honour he did beare  
Her husband; or least her spilt blood should staine  
His christall current, threw her up againe:  
But it is thought, he would not let her sinke,  
Cause *Cupid* oft times would descend to drinke,  
Or wash him in the Brooke, and when he came  
To coole his owne heat, would the floud inflame.  
*Pan* at that time sate playing on a reed,  
Whilst his rough *Goates* did on the meddowes feed,  
And with intentive eyes observed all,  
That to the fayrest *Psyche* did befall;  
Who seeing her thus pittiously distrest,  
He ran to take her up, and did the best  
He could to comfort her; faire maid, sayes he;  
Though I a rustick, and a shepheard be,  
Scorne not for that my counsell, and advice;  
Nor let my trade become my prejudice,

For

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Forby the benefit of time well spent,  
I am indued with long experiment:  
And if I doe conjecture it aright,  
The cause of all this Phrensie, and disight,  
Which your sad lookes, and palenesse doe imply,  
With other signes in Physiognomy,  
By which wise men the truth of *Art* doe prove,  
And know the state of minds, you are in love.

Now list to me, and doe not with fond hast  
The sacred oyle of your lifes taper wast:  
Use no sinister meanes, to hasten on,  
But labour to adjourne destruction,  
Cast not away your selfe by too much griefe,  
But couragetake; for care is beauties thiefe:  
*Cupid* I know, whose humour is to strive,  
Then yeeld, then stay, then play the fugitive.  
Be not dismayd for that, but shew your duty,  
And above all things doe not spoyle your beauty,  
Hee's delicate, and wanton, prayers may win,  
And faire demeaoure may demerit him,  
These are the medicines I would have you chuse,  
To cure your minds health, and redresse abuse:  
She gave him thanks, then rose from where she lay,  
And having done obeyfance went her way;  
Thence did she wander on with weary feet,  
And neither track, nor passenger could meet,  
Vntill at length she found a Kingly roade  
Which led unto a Palace, where abode  
Her eldest sister. *Psyche* enter'd in,  
Then sent up newes, how one of her neere kin,  
Was come to visite her, returne being made,  
*Psyche* was brought before her; each invade

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

The other with embraces, and fulfill  
A tedious scene of countefeit good will.  
But when they had discours'd a while together,  
She askt *Psyche* the cause, that brought her thither,  
Who did recount the passages, and tell,  
In order all the story that befell,  
Which by degrees had ruind her, and laid  
The blame on their lewd counsell, that betray'd  
Her innocent soule, and her firme faith misled,  
To murder her deare husband in his bed:  
She told how she his certaine death decreed,  
And how she rose to execute the deed:  
She told, how like a *Lyonesse* she far'd,  
And like an armed fury, how she star'd,  
Or like a blazing comet in the ayre,  
With fire, and sword, and with disshevell'd haire,  
She told the trouble, and Epitafis,  
When she beheld his Metamorphosis:  
A spectacle, that ravisht her with joy,  
A *Serpent* turn'd into a lovely boy, (maide:  
Whose young, smoth face, might speake him boy or  
*Cupid* himselfe in a soft slumber lay'd,  
She told too of the drop of scalding oyle,  
That burnt his shoulder, and the heavy coyle  
He kept, when he awakt, caus'd by the smart,  
And how he chid, and how at last did part,  
And for revenge, had threatned in her stead,  
To make her sisters partners of his bed,  
And twixt each word, she let a teare downe fall;  
Which stopt her voyce, and made it musically  
Thus *Psyche* at the last, finisht her story  
Season'd with sharpe grieve, and sweet oratory,  
Which

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Which was as long by her relation made,  
As might have serv'd to stuffe an *Iliade*.  
Such as *Aeneas* unto *Dido* told,  
Full of adventures, strange, and manifold.  
Her sister by her lookes great joy did show,  
Resolv'd in that, she did her husband know;  
And therefore heard her out, with much applause,  
And gave great heed, but chiefly to that clause  
VVhere 'twas declar'd, that he her pompe, and state  
To one of her owne sisters would translate.  
VVhence gathering, that her selfe might be his bride,  
She swelld with lust, with envy, and with pride;  
And in this heate of passion did transcend  
The Rock, where *Zephirus* us'd to attend  
'To waft her up and downe, and there call'd on  
Him, that had now forsooke his station.  
Yet through the vanity of hope made blind,  
Though then there blew a contrary wind:  
Invoking *Cupid*, that he would receive  
Her for his spouse, she did her selfe bequeath  
Vnto a fearefull precipice, and threw  
Her body headlong downe, whose weight it drew  
Towards the Center; for without support,  
All heavy matter thither will resort.  
In this her fall, the hard stones by the way,  
Did greet her limbes with a discourteous stay:  
Bruising her in that manner, that she dyed,  
As if that she her Jury had denyed.  
Her younger sister missing thus the chiefe  
Copartner of her sorrows, pin'd for grieve.  
This craggy rocke did overlook the sea,  
Where greedy *Neptune* had ea te in a bay,

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

And undermining it, much ground did win,  
Where silver-footed *Thetis*, riding in  
Vpon a bridled Dolphin, did explore,  
And every tyde her armes stretcht on the shore,  
Searching each creeke, and cranny, to augment  
The confines of her watry regiment.

Whilst here she sat within a peerly chaire,  
And round her all the *Sea-gods* did reaire,  
To whom her lawes she did prescribe, by hap,  
The mangled corps fell full into her lap.  
*Thetis*, that once a child her selfe had borne,  
Seeing so faire a body, foully torne,  
And bleeding fresh, judging some ravisher  
Had done this injury, she did conferre  
About the cure, and there were many found  
Whose trade in Surgery, could heale a wound,  
But none that might restore to life agen.  
Such was the envy of the *gods*: for when  
The scatter'd limbes of chaste *Hippolitus*,  
Were re-inspir'd by *Æsculapine*,  
And by his *Arts* command together came,  
And every bone and joynt put into frame:  
That none with emulous skill, should dare the like,  
*Iove* him to Hell did with his thunder strike.  
But though she could not by her power controule  
The Fates decree, to reunite the soule,  
Into another shape she made it passe,  
A doctrine held by old *Pythagoras*:  
For stripping off her clothes, she made her skin  
To weare a soft, and plummy coverin.  
Her grisly nose was hardned to a bill,  
And at each fingers end grew many a quill.

Her



## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Her armes to pennons turn'd, and she in all  
Chang'd to a Fowle, which men a Sea-gull call.  
A Bird of evill nature, and set on  
Much mischief, to whose composition,  
A great part of her former malice went,  
And was the principle ingredient.  
For being thus transfigur'd, straight she swam  
Into the bottom of the Ocean,  
Where *Neptune* kept his Court, and pressing neere  
To *Venus* seat, she whisper'd her i'th' eare,  
How that her sonne lay desperately griev'd,  
Sicke of a burne he lately had receiv'd,  
And many by that meanes at her did scoffe,  
And her whole family was ill spoken off.  
For whilst that she her selfe, thus liv'd recluse,  
And he his close adulteries did use:  
No sport, or pleasure; no delight, or grace,  
Friendship, nor marriage could find any place.  
In *Love* no pledge, no harmony in life,  
But every where confusion was, and strife.  
Thus the vile Bird maliciously did prate,  
And *Cupids* credit did calumniate.  
*Venus* replyd, impatient, and hot,  
What has my good sonne then a Mistresse got?  
Which of the Nymphs, or Muses is his joy?  
Who has inveigled the ingenious Boy?  
VVhich of the Howers, or of the Graces all?  
None of these, said the Bird, but men her call  
*Psyche*. So soone as *Venus* heard her nam'd,  
O how with indignation she exclaim'd?  
VVhat my owne beauties rivall, is it she?  
That plant, that sucker of my dignity,

And

## Cupid and Psyche.

And I his Bawd? VVith these words she ascended  
To the Seas *superficies*, where attended  
Her Doves both ready harnest, up she got,  
And flew to *Paphos* in her chariot.  
The Graces came about her, and in hast  
VVhat the rough seas, or rude winds had misplac'd,  
Did recompose with art and studious care,  
Keming the Cerule drops from her loose haire:  
VVhich dry'd with Rosie powder, they did fold,  
And bind it round up in a brayd of Gold.  
These waite about her person still, and passe  
Their judgement on her, equall with her glasse.  
These are the onely *Criticks*, that debate  
All beauty, and all fashions arbitrate:  
These temper her *Ceruse*, and paint, and lim  
Her face with oyle, and put her in her trim.  
Twelve other Handmaids clad in white array,  
Call'd the *twelve Houres*, and *daughters of the day*,  
Did helpe to dresse her: there were added more,  
*Twelve of the night*, whose eyes were shadowed ore  
VVith dusky, and black vailles, least *Vulcans* light,  
Or vapours should offend their bleared sight,  
When they her linnen starch, or else prepare  
Strong distillations to make her faire.  
These bring her bathes, and ointments for her eyes,  
And provide Cordials, 'gainst she shall arise.  
These play on Musick, and perfume her bed,  
And snuffe the Candle, while she lyes to read  
Her selfe asleepe: thus all assign'd unto  
Their severall office, had enough to doe.  
And had they twenty times as many beene;  
They all might be imploy'd about the Queene.

For

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

For though they vs'd more reverence, then at prayer,  
And late in counsell upon every haire,  
And every pleat, and posture of her gowne,  
Giving observance to each frequent frowne.  
And rather wisht the state disordered were,  
Then the least implement, that she did weare.  
As if, of all, that were the greatest sin,  
And that their fate were fastned to each pin:  
Though their whole life, and study were to please,  
Yet such a fullen humour, and disease  
Raign'd in her curious eyes, she ever saught,  
And scowling lookt, where she might find a fault,  
Yet felt she no distemper from the care  
Of other businesse, nor did any dare  
To interpose, or put into her mind,  
A thought of any, either foe, or friend,  
Receipt, or payment, but they all were bent  
To place each jewell, and each ornament.  
And when that she was drest, and all was done,  
Then she began to thinke upon her sonne,  
And being absent, spake of him at large,  
And lay'd strong aggravations to his charge.  
She ript her wrongs up, how she had past by,  
In hope of mendment, many an injury:  
Yet nothing could reclaime his stubborne spleene  
And wanton loosenesse, though she still had beene  
Indulgent to him, as they all did know.  
She talkt to of the duty, children owe  
Vnto their parents, and did much complaine;  
Since she had bore, and bred him up with paine,  
Now for requitall, had receiv'd offence;  
And sorely taxt his disobedience,

H

Then

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Then askt the Graces, if they could disclose  
Where his new haunts were, and his Randevous;  
For, she had trusted them, to over looke  
As Guardians, and to guide, as with a hooke  
His stragling nature, and they had done ill,  
To slacke their hand, and leave him to his will;  
Who, as she said, was a weake child, and none  
Being neere, might soo e into much mischiefe run.  
They blushing smile, and thus alleadg; since she,  
His Mother could not rule him, how can we  
That are but Servants? whom he does despise,  
And brandishes his torch against our eyes,  
And in defiance, threats what he will doe,  
Vpon the least distast, to shooe us through.  
When *Venus* heard, how the world stood in awe  
Of her sonnes desperate valoure, and no law  
Might curbe his fiercenesse, flattery, nor force  
Prevaile, she then resolv'd upon a course,  
With open libels, and with hue and cry,  
To publish to the world his infamy:  
And therefore caus'd in every towne, and street,  
And in all tryviall places, where wayes meet,  
In these words or the like, upon each post,  
A chartell to be fixt, that he was lost.

*The wanton Cupid, t'other day,  
Did from his mother Venus stray.  
Great paines she tooke, but all in vaine  
How to get her Sonne againe:  
For since the boy is sometimes blind,  
He his owne way cannot find.*

## Cupid and Psyche.

If any one can fetch him in,  
Or take him captive in a Gin,  
And bring her word, she for this,  
Will reward him with a kisse.  
That you the felon may descry,  
These are signes to know him by:  
His skin is red with many a staine  
Of Lovers, which by him were slaine;  
Or else it is the fatall doome,  
Which foretells of stormes to come:  
Though he seeme naked to the eye,  
His mind is cloath'd with subtilty,  
Sweet speach he uses, and soft smiles,  
To intice where he beguiles:  
His words are gentle, as the ayre,  
But trust him not, though he speake faire;  
And confirme it with an oath:  
He is fierce, and cruell both,  
He is bold, and carelesse too,  
And will play as wantons doe:  
But when you thinke the sport is past,  
It turnes to earnest at the last.  
His evill nature none can tame,  
For neither reverence, nor shame,  
Are in his looks; his curled hayre  
Hangs like Nets, for to ensnare.  
His hands though weake, and slender; strike  
Age, and Sexes, all alike,  
And when he list, will make his nest,  
In their Marrow, or their breast:  
Those poyson'd Darts shot from his Bow,  
Hurt Gods above, and men below.

## Cupid and Psyche.

*His left hand beares a burning Torch;  
Whose flame the very same will scorche;  
And not hell it selfe is free,  
From this Impes impiety.  
The wounds he makes, no Salve can cure;  
Then if you catch him, bind him sure.  
Take no pittie, though he cry,  
Or laugh, or smile, or seeme to dye,  
And for his ransome would deliver  
His Arrowes, and his painted Quiver.  
Refuse them all, for they are such,  
That will burne, where ere they touch.*

When this edict was openly declar'd  
And *Venus* importunity; none dar'd  
To be so much of counsell, as to hide,  
And not reveale, where *Cupid* did abide.  
There was an old Nimph of th' *Idalian* grove,  
Grand-child to *Faune*, a *Dryad*; whom great love  
Had raviht in her youth, and for a fee,  
In recompence of her Virginitie,  
Did make Immortall, and with wisdome fill,  
And her endued with a Prophetick skill,  
And knowledge of all Hearbes; she could apply  
To every greife a perfect remedy,  
Were it in mind, or body, and was sage,  
And waighty in her counsell, to aswage  
Any disease; she had the goverment  
Of the whole Pallace, and was president  
Of all the Nimphs, for *Venus* did commit  
Such power, to doe, what ever she thought fit.

She



## *Cupid and Psyche.*

She at that time dress'd *Cupid* for his smart,  
And would have hid his shame with all her heart:  
But that she fear'd her Mistressse to displease,  
If it should after chance the *Dryades*  
Betray'd her; therefore she durst doe no other,  
But to send private word unto his Mother,  
Where her sonne was, and how he hid his head,  
And groaning lay upon his Mothers bed.  
Soone as this newes was brought her, *Venus* went,  
Blowne with the winde, and her owne discontent.  
And there began to scold, and rayle, before  
She did arrive within the chamber dore.  
Are these things honest, which I heare sayes she,  
And suiting with our fame and pedigree?  
Seducing trisler, have you set at large  
Mine enemy, whom I gave up in charge,  
That thou shouldst captivate, and set on fire,  
With sordid, but unquenchable desire?  
But since; that thou mightst the more stubborn prove,  
Hast fetter'd her unto thy selfe in love;  
Seemes you presume, that you are onely he,  
The Chick of the white Hen, and still must be.  
And I, by reason of my age, quite done,  
Cannot conceive, nor beare another sonne.  
Yes know I can, and for thy more disgrace,  
I will adopt another in thy place.  
I'll take away that wicked stuffe, with which  
Thou dost abuse thy betters, and bewitch  
Each age, and sexe, and not without delight,  
Thine Vncle *Mars*, and thine owne Mother smite.  
Then burne those armes, which were ordain'd to doe  
Better exploits, then thou imploy'st them to.

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

For thou wast ever from thy youth untoward,  
And dost without all reverence, or regard,  
Provoke thy elders; but *love*, here I wish,  
I ne're may eate of a celestially dish:  
Vnlesse I turne this triumph to offence,  
This sweet to sower, this sport to penitence.  
But I thus scorned, whither shall I fly?  
There is a Matron call'd *Sobriety*,  
Whom I have oft offended, through his vaine  
Luxurious riot, yet I must complaine  
To her, and at her hands expect the full  
Of my revenge, she shall his quiver pull,  
Vnhead his *arrows*, and his *Bow* unstring;  
Put out his *Torch*, and then away it fling.  
His golden locks with *Nectar* all imbrawd,  
Which I from my owne bosome have bedew'd.  
His various wings, the Raine-bow never yet,  
Was in such order, nor such colours set:  
She shall without remorse both cut, and pare,  
And every feather clip, and every haire.  
And then, and not till then, it shall suffice,  
That I have done my wrongs this sacrifice.  
Thus full of choler, did the *Cupid* threat,  
And having eas'd her mind, did backe retreat.  
But making haste, with this distemper'd looke,  
*Ceres*, and *Iuno* both, she overtooke:  
Who seeing her with such a troubled brow,  
Did earnestly demand, the manner how  
She came so vext, and who had power to shrowd  
Her glorious beauty in so black a clowd.  
You cannot chuse but heare, *Venus* reply'd,  
How I have beene abus'd, on every side.

First,

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

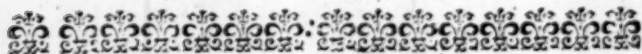
First, when, my limping husband me beset,  
And caught *Mars*, and my selfe, both in his net :  
And then expos'd us naked to the eyes  
Of Heaven, and the whole bench of Deities.  
'Tis a knowne tale ; and to make up the jest,  
One *god*, lesse supercilious then the rest,  
Told *Mars*, if those his fetters made him sweat,  
He would endure the burthen, and the heat.  
Time wore out this disgrace, but now your art  
Must drive another sorrow from my heart :  
And if you love me, use your best of skill,  
To seeke out *Psyche*, she hath done this ill.  
*Cupid* my sonne, has choise her for his spouse,  
That is the onely plague vnto my house.  
Lady, said they, alack what hurt is done,  
Or crime in this committed by your sonne ?  
Is this a cause, fit to provoke your spight,  
T'impugne his sports, and hinder his delight ?  
What imputation on your house were layd,  
Though he should set his fancy on a Maid ?  
You may allow his Patent for to passe,  
That he may love a blith, and bonny Lasse.  
What you forget, that he is well in yeeres,  
And tis a comfort to you, that he beares  
His age so well ; therefore you must not pry  
Into his actions so narrowly.  
For with what Justice can you disapprove  
That in your sonne, which in your selfe you love ?  
Is't fit, that seeds of love by you be sowne  
In others hearts, and brought from your owne ?  
You have an interest, in all that's his :  
Both prais'd for good, both blam'd for what's amisse.

Remember.

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Remember too, you are his Mother deare:  
Held wise, and must give way: thus they for feare  
Of *Cupids* Arrowes, did him patronize.  
But *Venus* scorning that her injuries  
VVere no more pittied, her swift Doves did raigne,  
And took her way towards the Sea againe.

*The end of the first Booke.*



## The Second Booke.

### THE FIRST SECTION.

**P***syche* this while wandred the world about  
With various errors to find *Cupid* out,  
Hoping, although no matrimoniall way,  
Or Beauties force his anger might allay;  
Yet Prayers, and duty somewhat might a-  
And humble Service him propitiate. (bate,  
She travell'd forth, untill at length she found  
A pleasant plaine, with a faire *Temple* crown'd.  
Then to her selfe she said, ah who can tell,  
Whether or no, my husband there doe dwell?  
And with this thought she goes directly on,  
Led with blind hope, and with Devotion:  
Then entred in, she to the *Altar* bended,  
And there perform'd her *Orizons*: which ended,  
Casting her eyes about, she did espy,  
A world of instruments for husbandry:  
As Forkes, & Hookes, & Rakes, Sickles, & Sithes,  
Garlands, and Sheares, & Corne for Sacrifice.

Those

## Cupid and Psyche.

Those eares, that were confus'd, she did sever,  
And those, that scatter'd lay, she put together;  
Thinking, she ought no worship to decline  
Of any thing, that seem'd to be Divine.  
*Ceres* farre off did *Psyche* over looke,  
When this laborious taske she undertooke,  
And as she is a *Goddesse*, that does love  
Industrious people, spake to her from above;  
Alas poore *Psyche*, *Venus* is thy foe,  
And strives to find thee out with more a doe,  
Then I my *Proserpine*; the Earth, the Sea,  
And the hid confines of the Night and Day,  
Have all beene ransackt; she has sought thee forth,  
Through both the *Poles*, & Mantions of the North,  
Not the *Riphean* snow, nor all the droughth,  
That parches the vast desarts of the south,  
Have stay'd her steps. She has made *Tethis* sweepe,  
To find thee out, the bottome of the deepe,  
And vows that Heaven it selfe shall thee resign,  
Though *Iove* had fixt thee, there his concubine.  
She never rests, for since she went to bed,  
The Rosie Crowne is wither'd from her head:  
Thou carelesse wretch. Thus *Venus* all enrag'd,  
Seekes for thy life, whilst thou art heere ingag'd  
'Bout my affaires, and thinkst of nothing lesse,  
Then thine owne safety, and lost happinesse.  
*Psyche* fell prostrate on her face, before  
Faire *Ceres* throne, and did her helpe implore,  
Moystning the Earth with teares, and with her haire  
Brushing the ground; she sent up many a Prayer,  
By thy fruit-scattering hand, I thee entreate,  
And the *Sicilian* Feilds, that are the seat

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Of thy fertility, and by the glad,  
And happy ends, the harvest ever had;  
And by thy coach, with winged *Dragons* drawne,  
And by the darkefome hell, that gan to dawne  
At the bright marriage of faire *Proserpine*:  
And by the silent rites of *Elusine*,  
Impart some pittie, and vouchsafe to grant  
This small request, to your poore supplyant.  
I may lye hid among these sheaves of Corne,  
Vntill great *Venus* fury be out-worne;  
Or that my strength, and faculties subdu'd  
By weary toyle, a little be renew'd.  
But as the worlds accustom'd, when they see,  
Any orewhelm'd with a deepe misery,  
Afford small comfort to their wretched state;  
But onely are in words compassionate.  
So *Ceres* told her, she did greatly grieve  
At her distresse, but durst her not relieve;  
For *Venus* was a good, and gracious *Queene*,  
And she her favour highly did esteeme,  
Nor would she succour a contrary side,  
Being by love, and kin to her ally'd.  
Poore *Psyche* thus repuls'd, soone as she saw  
Her hopes quite frustrate, did her selfe withdraw,  
And journied on, unto a neighbouring wood,  
Where likewise a rich *Fane*, and *Temple* stood,  
Of goodly structure, and before the house,  
Hung many gifts, and garments pretious,  
That by the name engrav'd, and dedication,  
Exprest without, to whom they had relation.  
Here *Psyche* enterd, her low knees did bend,  
And both her selfe, and fortunes recommend



## *Cupid and Psyche.*

To mighty *Inno*, and thus spake to her.  
Thou wife, and sister to the thunderer,  
Whether thou dost in ancient *Samos* lye,  
The place of thy first birth, and nursery.  
Or by the bankes of *Inachus* abide,  
Or thy lou'd *Carthage*, or round Heaven dost ride  
Vpon a *Lyons* backe; that art i'th East  
Call'd *Zigia*, and *Lucina* in the west;  
Looke on my griefes extremity, and deigne  
To ease me, of my labour, and my paine.  
Thus having prayed, straight *Inno* from on high,  
Presents her selfe in all her Majesty;  
And said, *Psyche* I wish you had your ends,  
And that my Daughter, & your selfe were friends:  
For *Venus* I have ever held most deare,  
In as high place, as she my daughter were:  
Nor can that, which one *Goddesse* has begun,  
By any other Deity b'undone,  
Besides the *Stigian* lawes allow no leave,  
That we anothers Servant should receive;  
Nor can we by the league of friendship, give  
Reliefe to one, that is a fugitive.  
Faire *Psyche* shipwrackt in her hopes againe,  
And finding no wayes, how she might obtaine  
Her winged husband, cast the worst of all;  
And thus her thoughts did into question call:  
What meanes can be attempted, or apply'd  
To this my strange calamity, beside  
What is already us'd: for though they wood,  
The Gods themselves, can render me no good,  
Why then should I proceed, and unawares  
Tender my foot unto so many snares?

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

VVhat darknesse can protect me? what disguise  
Hide me from her inevitable eyes?  
Some women, from their crimes, can courage gather;  
Then why not I from misery? and rather,  
VVhat I cannot deferre, nor long withstand,  
Yeeld up my selfe a prisoner to her hand.  
For timely modesty may mitigate  
That rage, which absence does exasperate.  
And to confirme this, who knows, whether he,  
VVhom my soule longs for, with his Mother be?  
*Venus* now sicke of earthly businesse,  
Commands her Coach be put in readinesse:  
Whose subtile structure was all wrought upon,  
With gold, with purple, and Vermilion.  
*Vulcan* compos'd the fabrick, 'twas the same  
He gave his wife, when he a woing came.  
Then of those many hundred Doves, that soare  
About her palace, she selected foure,  
Whose checkred necks to the small tracesty'd,  
With nimble gyres they up to Heaven did glide:  
A world of sparrows did by *Venus* fly,  
And Nightingales, that sung melodiously.  
And other birds accompany'd her Coach,  
With pleasant noise, proclaiming her approach:  
For neither hardy Eagle, Hawke, nor Kite,  
Durst her sweet sounding family affright.  
The clouds gave way, and Heaven was open made,  
Whilst *Venus*, loves high Turrets did invade.  
Then having silenc'd her obstreperous quire,  
She boldly calls for *Mercury* the cryer,  
*Ioves* messenger, who but a while before  
Return'd with a loose arrant, which he bore

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

To a new Mistresse, and was now t'advise  
Vpon some trick, to hide from *Iuno's* eyes  
*Ioves* bawderie, for he such feats can doe,  
Which are his vertues, and his office to.  
When *Venus* saw him, she much joy did show,  
And said, kind brother *Mercury*, you know,  
How I esteeme your love, at no small rate,  
With whom my minde I still communicate:  
Without whose counsell I have nothing done,  
But still prefer'd your admonition.  
And now you must assist me, ther's a mayd  
Lyes hid, whom I have long time sought, and layd  
Close waite to apprehend, but cannot take;  
Therefore I'de have you proclamation make,  
With a reward propounded, to requite,  
Who e're shall bring, and set her in my sight.  
Make knowne her markes, and age, lest any chance,  
Or after dare to pretend ignorance.  
Thus having said, she gave to him a note,  
And libell, wherein *Psyches* name was wrote.  
*Hermes* the powerfull, and all charming god  
Taking in hand his soule constraining rod,  
VVith which he carries, and brings backe from hell,  
VVith *Venus* went, for he lov'd *Venus* well;  
Cause he in former time her love had wonne,  
And in his dalliance, had of her sonne  
Begot, call'd the *Hermaphrodite*, which is  
The Boy, that was belov'd by *Salmacis*.  
Thus both from Heaven descended, open cry  
In expresse words, was made by *Mercury*,  
O yes, if any can true tidings bring  
Of *Venus* hand-maid, daughter to a King,

## Cupid and Psyche.

*Psyche the fugitive, of stature tall,  
Of tender age, and forme celeſtiall :  
To whom, for dowry, Art, and Nature gave  
All grace, and all the comlineſſe they have.  
This I was bid to ſay, and be it ſpoken  
Without all envy, each ſmile is a token  
Sufficient to betray her. In her gate  
She Phœbus ſiſter does moſt imitate.  
Nor does her voyce ſound mortall; if you ſpy  
Her face, you may diſcerne her by the eye,  
That like a ſtarre, dazels the Optick ſenſe,  
Cupid has oft his Torch brought lighted thence.  
If any finde her out, let him repaire  
Straight wayes to Mercury, and the newes declare;  
And for his recompence, he ſhall have leave,  
Even from Venus owne lips, to receive  
Seven fragrant kiſſes, and the reſt among,  
One honey-kiſſe, and one touch from her tongue.*

Which being publiſhed, the great deſire  
Of this reward, ſet all mens hearts on fire.  
So that poore *Psyche* durſt no more forbear  
To offer up her ſelfe: then drawing neare  
To *Venus* houſe, a Maid of hers, by name  
Call'd *Cuſtome*, when ſhe ſaw her, did exclaine,  
O Madam *Psyche*, Iove your honour ſave:  
VVhat doe you feele now, you a Miſtreſſe have?  
Or does your raſhneſſe, or your ignorant worth  
Not know, the paines we tooke to find you forth?  
Sweet, you ſhall for your ſtubborneſſe be taught:  
VVith that, rude hold upon her locks ſhe caught,  
And drag'd her in, and before *Venus* brought.

## Cupid and Psyche.

### The second Section.

SO soone as *Venus* saw her, she like one,  
That looks 'twixt scorne, and indignation,  
Rais'd a loud laughter, such as does proceed  
From one, that is vext furiously indeed.  
Then shaking of her head, biting her thumb,  
She sayd, what my good daughter are you come  
Your Mother to salute? But I beleieve,  
You would your husband visite, who does grieve  
For the late burne, with which you did inure  
His tender shoulder, but yet rest secure;  
I shall provide for you, nor will I swerve  
From any needfull office you deserve.  
Thus winking *Venus* did on *Psyche* leere,  
And with such cruell kindnesse did her jeere.  
Then for her entertainment, cries, where are  
My two rough hand-maids, *Solitude*, and *Care*?  
They enter'd; she commands her hands to tye,  
And take the poore mayd to their custody.  
Which done accordingly, with whips they beate,  
And her with torments miserably intreate.  
Thus us'd, and in this shamefull manner dight,  
They her, with scorne, reduce to *Venus* sight:  
Who smiling said, 'tis more then time, that I  
Should set my Nymphs all to worke sempstery,  
And make your Baby-clouts: why this is brave,  
And you shall *Iuno* for your Mid-wife have.  
VVhere will you lye in? how farre are you gone?  
That's a great motive to compassion.  
And I my stile must rather boast, than smother,  
That in my youth shall be call'd Grandmother.

But

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

But by your leave, I doubt these Marriages,  
That are solemniz'd without witnesses:  
Without consent of friends; the parties state  
Unequall to, are scarce legitimate;  
And so this child, they shall a bastard call:  
If yet thou bringst forth any child at all.  
Then to begin with some revenge, she rose;  
And all her ornaments did discompose,  
And her discolour'd Gowne in peices pull,  
And what soever made her beautifull.  
But least her sufferings should all passive be;  
She turnes her punishment to industry,  
And takes of severall Seedes, a certaine measure;  
*Wheat, Barley, Oates*, and a confused treasure  
Of *Pease*, and *Lentiles*, then all mixt, did poure  
Into one heape; with a prefixed houre,  
That ere her selfe should on our Hemisphere,  
That might, as the bright evening Starre appeare.  
*Psyche* each Graine should rightly segregate,  
A tasque for twenty to elaborate.  
This worke assign'd, *Venus* from thence did passe,  
To a Marriage Feast, where she invited was.  
Poore *Psyche* all alone amaz'd did stand,  
Nor to this labour would once set her hand:  
In her owne thoughts judging her selfe unable,  
To vanquish that, was so inextricable;  
When loe, a numerous multitude of *Ants*,  
Her neighbours, the next feilds inhabitants,  
Came thronging in, sent thether by some power,  
That pittie tooke on *Cupids* Paramour.  
Nor would that wrong should be without defence,  
And hated *Venus* for her insolence.



## *Cupid and Psyche.*

All these by an instinct together met,  
Themselves in a tumultuous method set  
On worke, and each graine *Arithmetically*  
Subtract, devide, and after multiply.  
And when that this was done, away they fled:  
Each graine being by its kind distinguished.

*Venus* now from the Nuptiall feast was come,  
Her breath perfum'd with wine, and *Balsamum*,  
Her body was with twines of *Mirtles* bound,  
Her head with Garlands of sweet *Roses* crown'd.  
And seeing this accomplisht taske, she said  
Huswife, twas not your handy worke convey'd  
These seedes in order thus, but his, that still  
Persists in love, to thine, and his owne ill.  
Then on the ground she threw a crust of bread,  
For *Psyche's* supper, and so went to bed.  
*Cupid* the while, in a backe roome was put  
Vnder the same rooffe, and in prison shut:  
A punishment for his old luxury,  
Least he with *Psyche* should accompany:  
And so by too much straying of his side,  
Might hurt his wound, before twas scarrify'd:  
But when the Rosie morning drew away,  
The sable curtaine, which let in the day,  
*Venus* to *Psyche* calls, and bids awake,  
Who standing up, she shewes to her a Lake;  
Environ'd with a rock, beyond whose steepe  
And craggy bottome, graz'd a flock of sheepe:  
They had no shepheard, them to feede, or fold,  
And yet their well growne fleeces were of gold.  
*Pallas* sometimes, the pretious lockes would cull,  
To make great *Iuno* vestures of the wooll:

K

Fetch

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Fetch me, sayes *Venus*, some of that rich haire,  
But how you'll doe it, I nor know, nor care.  
*Psyche* obayes, not out of hope to win,  
So great a prize, but meaning to leape in,  
That in the marish she might end her life,  
And so be free'd from *Venus*, and her strife:  
When drawing neere, the wind inspired reed,  
Spake with a tunefull voice. *Psyche* take heed,  
Let not despaire, thee of thy soule beguile,  
Nor these my waters with thy death defile:  
But rest thee heere, under this Willow tree,  
That growing drinks of the same streame with me;  
Keepe from those sheepe, that heated with the sun,  
Rage like the *Lyon*, or the *Scorpion*;  
None can their stony browes, nor hornes abide,  
Till the dayes fire be somewhat qualifi'd.  
But when the vapour, and their thirst is quencht,  
And *Phabus* horses in the Ocean drencht,  
Then you may fetch, what *Venus* does desire,  
And find their fleecy gold on every bryer:  
Th'oraculous Reed full of humanity,  
Thus from her hollow wombe did Prophecie:  
And she observing strictly what was taught,  
Her apron full of the soft mettle brought,  
And gave to *Venus*; yet her gift, and labour,  
Gayn'd no acceptance, nor found any favour.  
I know the author of this fact, sayes she,  
How 'twas the price of his adultery.  
But now I will a serious tryall make,  
Whether you doe these dangers undertake  
With courage, and that wisdom you pretend.  
For see that lofty Mountaine, whence descend

Black-

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Black-colour'd waters, from earths horrid dennes,  
And with their boylings wash the *Stygian* fennes.  
From thence augment *Cocytus* foaming rage,  
And swell his channell with their surplussage.  
Goe now, and some of that dead liquor skim,  
And fill this Christall Pitcher to the brim :  
Bring it me straight, and so her browes did knit,  
Threatning great matters, if she fail'd of it.  
With this injun<sup>ct</sup>ion *Psyche* went her wayes,  
Hoping even there to end her wretched dayes.  
But comming neere to the prefixed place,  
Whose height did court the clouds, & lowest base  
Gave those black streames their first originall,  
That wearing the hard rocks, did headlong fall  
Into the *Stygian* vallies, underneath  
She saw a fatall thing, and full of death.  
Two watchfull Dragons the straight passage kept,  
Whose eyes were never seal'd, nor ever slept.  
The waters too said something, *Psyche*, flye ;  
What doe you here ? depart, or you shall dye.  
*Psyche* with terrour of the voyce dejected,  
And thought of that might never be effected,  
Like *Niobe*, was chang'd into a stone,  
In body present, but her minde was gone.  
And in the midst of her great grieve, and feares,  
Could not enjoy the comfort of her teares.  
When *Iove*, whose still protecting providence  
Is ever ready to helpe innocence :  
Sent the *Saturnian* Eagle, who once led  
By *Loves* impulsion, snatcht up *Ganimed*  
To be *Loves* Cup-bearer, from *Ida* hill,  
And ever since bore *Cupid* a good-will :

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

And what he could not to his person show,  
Resolv'd upon his Mistresse to bestow.  
Then with Angelick speed, when he had let  
The Ayres high tracts, and the three Regions cleft,  
Before her face he on the meadow late,  
And said, alasse, thou inconsiderate,  
And foolish Maid, returne back, goe not nigh  
Those sacred streames, so full of majesty.  
What hope hast thou those waters to procure,  
VVhich *love* himsele does tremble to abjure?  
No mortall hand may be allowd to touch,  
Much lesse to steale a drop, their power is such.  
Give me the Pitcher, she it gave; he went  
To *Styx*, and fain'd that *Venus* had him sent.  
*Psyche* the Vrne did to his tallonstye,  
Then with his plumed oares poiz'd equally,  
He lets it sinke betwixt the very jawes  
Of those fierce Dragons, and then up it drawes,  
And gives it *Psyche*; she the same convey'd  
To *Venus*, yet her paines were ill apayd.  
Nothing her rage might expiate, but still  
The end of one, begins another ill.  
For ought, sayes *Venus*, that I gather can,  
You are a VVitch, or some Magitian.  
What else can be concluded out of these  
Experienc'd impossibilities?  
If your commerce be such then, you may venter  
Boldly to Hell, and when you there shall enter,  
Me to my cousen *Proserpine* commend,  
And in my name intreat her, she would send  
Some of her Boxe of beauty to me; say,  
So much as may suffice me for a day:

Excuse

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Excuse me to her, that my owne is spent,  
I know not how, by an ill accident.  
I am asham'd to speake it, but 'tis gone,  
And wasted all in curing of my sonne.  
But be not slack in your returne ; for I  
Must with the gods feast of necessity.  
Nor can I thither goe, without disgrace,  
Till I have us'd some art unto my face.  
*Psyche* conceiv'd now, that her life, and fate,  
And fortunes all were at their utmost date,  
Being by *Venus* cruelty thrust on,  
Towards a manifest destruction :  
Which she collects by argument, that thus  
With her owne feete, must march to *TANATHUS*.

In this delusive agony she rose,  
And by degrees, up to a Turret goes,  
Whose top orelook't the hills, it was so high,  
Resolv'd to tumble headlong from the skie :  
Conceiting as her fancy did her feed,  
That was the way to goe to Hell indeed.  
But then a suddaine voice to her did call,  
Which brake out of the cavernes of the wall,  
That said, ah coward wretch, why dost thou yeeld  
To this last labour, and forsake the field ?  
Whilst *Victory* her Banner does display,  
And with a profer'd Crowne, tempts thee to stay.  
The way to Hell is easie, and the gate  
Stands ope ; but if the soule be separate  
Once from the body, true, she goesto Hell :  
Not to returne, but there for ever dwell.  
*Virtue* knows no such stop, nor they, whom *Love*  
Either begot, or equally does love.

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Now list to me ; there is a fatall ground  
In *Greece*, beyond *Achaia's* farthest bound,  
Neare *Lacedemon*, famous for the rape  
*Paris* on *Hellen* made, and their escape.  
Tis quickly found ; for with its steemy breath  
It blasts the fields, and is the port of death.  
The path, like *Ariadnes* clue does guide  
To the darke Court, where *Pluto* does abide :  
And if you must those dismall regions see,  
Then carry in your hand a double fee.  
For *Charon* will doe nothing without money ;  
And you must have sops made of meale, and honey.  
It is a doubtfull passage, for there are  
Many Decrees, and Lawes peculiar  
Must strictly be observ'd ; and if once broke,  
No rancome, nor entreaty can revoke.  
Nor is there prosecution of more strife,  
But all are penall statutes on your life.  
The first that you shall meete with, as you passe,  
Is an old man come driving of an asse,  
Decrepid as himselfe, they both shall sweat  
VVith their hard labour, and he shall intreat,  
That you would helpe his burthen to unty ;  
But give no eare, nor stay when you goe by.  
And next you shall arrive without delay  
To slow *Avernus* Lake, where you must pay  
*Charon* his waftage, as before I said ;  
For avarice does live among the dead :  
And a poore man, though tyde serve, and the wind,  
If he no stipend bring, must stay behind.  
Here as you sayle along, you shall see one  
Of squalid hue, they call *Oblivion*,

Heave



## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Heave up his hands, and on the waters floate,  
Praying, you would receive him in your Boate :  
But know, all those that will in safety be,  
Must learne to disaffect such piety.  
When you are landed, and a little past  
The *Stygian* Ferry, you your eyes shall cast,  
And spy some busie at their wheele, and these  
Are three old women, call'd the Destinies ;  
They will desire you, to sit downe, and spin,  
And shew your owne lifes thread upon the pin.  
Yet are they all but snares, and doe proceed  
From *Venus* malice, to corrupt your creed.  
For should you lend your helpe to spin, or card,  
Or meddle with their disaffe, your reward  
Might perhaps slip out of your hand, and then  
You must hope never to come back againe.  
Next, a huge Mastiffe shall you see, before  
The Palace-gate, and *Adamantine* dore  
That leads to *Diu*, who when he opens wide  
His triple throate, the ghosts are terrifi'd  
With his loud barkins, which so farre rebound,  
They make all Hell to Eccho with their sound :  
Him with a morfell you must first assuage,  
And then deliver *Venus* Embassage.  
For *Proserpine* shall kindly you intreat,  
And will provide a banquet, and a seat.  
But if you sit, sit on the ground, and taste  
None of her dainties, but declare in haste  
VVhat you desire, which she will straight deliver :  
Then with those former rules, passe backe the river.  
Give the three-headed dogge his other share,  
And to the greedy Marriner his fare.

Keepe:

## Cupid and Psyche.

Keepe fast these precepts whatsoere they be,  
And thinke on *Orpheus*, and *Euridice*.  
But above all things, this observe to doe,  
Take heed, you open not, nor pry into  
The beauties Boxe, else shall you there remaine ;  
Nor see this Heaven, nor these Starres againe.  
The stone inclosed voyce, did friendly thus  
*Psyche* forewarne, with signes propitious.

### The last Section.

SO soone as *Psyche* got all things together,  
That might be usefull for her going thither,  
And her returne, to *Tanarus* she went,  
And the Infernall passage did attempt :  
VVhere all those strange, and fatall prophesies  
Accomplisht were in their occurrences.  
For first she passeth by with carelesse speed,  
The old man, and his Assie, and gave no heed  
Either unto his person, or desire.  
And next she payes the Ferry-man his hire ;  
And though *Oblivion*, and the Fates did woe her,  
VVith many strong temptations, to undoe her,  
*Vlisses* like, she did their prayers decline,  
And came now to the house of *Proserpine*.  
Before the Palace was a stately Court,  
Where forty Marble-pillars did support  
The rooffe, and frontis-piece, that bore on high  
*Pluto's* owne statue, grav'd in Ebony.  
His face, though full of majesty, was dim'd  
With a sad cloud, and his rude throne untrim'd :  
His golden Scepter was eate in with rust,  
And that againe quite overlayd with dust.

*Ceres*

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

*Ceres* was wrought him by, with weeping eyne,  
Lamenting for the losse of *Proserpine*.  
Her daughters rape was there set downe at full,  
Who while that she too studiously did pull  
The purple Violet, and sanguine Rose,  
Lillies, and low growne Panfies; to compose  
Wreathes for the Nymphes, regardless of her health  
'Twas soone surpriz'd, and snacht away by stealth.  
Forc'd by the King of the infernall powers,  
And seem'd to cry, and looke after her flowers.  
*Enceladus* was strecht upon his backe,  
While *Plutæes* Horse hoofes, and coach did wracke  
His bruised body. *Pallas* did extend  
The *Gorgons* head. *Delia* her bow did bend;  
And Virgins both, their Vncle did defy  
Like Champions, to defend virginity.  
The Sun, and Stars were wrapt in sable weedes,  
Damp't with the breath, of his *Tanarian* Steedes.  
All these, and more were portray'd round about,  
VVhich filth defac'd, or time had eaten out.  
Three headed *Cerberus* the gate did keepe,  
VVhom *Psyche* with a sop first layd to sleepe;  
And then went safely by, where first she saw  
Hells Iudges sit, and urging of the law:  
The place was parted in two severall wayes,  
The right hand to *Elysium* conwayes;  
But on the left, were malefactors sent,  
The seate of tortures, and strange punishment.  
There *Tantalus* stands thirsty to the chin,  
In water, but can take no liquor in,  
*Ixion* too, and *Sisiphus*; the one  
A wheele, the other turnes a restlesse stone.

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

A Vulture there on *Titius* does wreake  
The Gods just wrath, and pounding with his beake,  
On his immortall liver still does feed,  
For what the day does wast, the night does breed:  
And other soules are forced to reveale,  
VWhat unjust pleasures they on Earth did steale;  
Whom fiery *Phlegeton* does round inclose,  
And *Stix* his waves does nine times interpose.  
The noyse of whipps, and Furies, did so fright  
Poore *Psyches* eares, she hasted to the right.  
That path way straight, for on each side there grew  
A Grove of mournfull *Cypresse*, and of *Yew*:  
It is the place of such as happy dye.  
There, as she walked on, did Infants cry,  
Whom cruell death snacht from their teats away,  
And rob'd of sweet life, in an evill day.  
There Lovers live, who living here, were wise;  
And had their Ladies, to close up their eyes.  
There Mighty *Heroes* walke, that spent their bloud,  
In a just cause, and for their Countries good.  
All these beholding through the glimering ayre,  
A mortall; and so exquisitely faire, (ning  
Thicke as the mores, in the Sun beames came run-  
To gaze, and know the cause too of her comming;  
Which she dissembled, onely askt to know,  
Where *Pluto* dwelt, for thither she must goe:  
A guide was straight assign'd, who did attend,  
And *Psyche* brought safe to her journies end,  
Who being entred, prostrate on her knee,  
She humbly tenders *Venus* Embassy.  
Great *Plutoes* Queene presented to her guest,  
A Princely *Throne* to sit on, and a feast,

Wishing

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Wishing her tast, and her tyr'd limbes refresse,  
After her journey, and her wearinesse.  
*Psyche* excus'd it, that she could not stay,  
And if she had her arrant would away.

But *Proserpine* reply'd, you doe not know  
Faire Mayd, the joyes and pleasures are below,  
Stay and possesse, what ever I call mine,  
For other Lights, and other Starres doe shine  
V Within our-territories, the day's not lost,  
As you imagine, in the *Elysian* coast.  
The Golden *Age*, and Progeny is heere,  
And that Fam'd *Tree*, that does in *Autumne* beare  
Clusters of Gold, whose *Apples* thou shalt hoard,  
Or each meale, if thou please, set on the board.  
The Matrons of *Elysium* at thy becke,  
Shall come and goe; and buried *Queenes* shall deck  
Thy body, in more stately ornaments,  
Then all Earths fayned Majesty presents:  
The pale and squalid region shall rejoyce,  
Silence shall breake forth a pleasant voice:  
Sterne *Pluto* shall himselfe to mirth betake,  
And crowned Ghosts shall banquet for thy sake;  
New Lampes shall burne, if thou wilt here abide,  
And nights thicke darkenesse shall be rarifi'd,  
What ere the winds upon the Earth doe sweep  
Rivers, or Fennes embrace, or the vast deepe,  
Shall be thy tribute; and I will deliver  
Vp for thy Servant, the *Lesbean* River:  
Besides the *Parca* shall thy Hand-maides be,  
And what thou speak'st, stand for a destiny.

*Psyche* gave thanks; but did her plainly tell,  
She would not be a Courtier unto hell:

## Cupid and Psyche.

When wondering that such honours did not please,  
She offerd gifts, farre richer, then all these.  
For as a Dowry, at her feet she laid  
The mighty engines, which the world upwaigh'd,  
And vow'd to give her immortality,  
And all the pleasures, and the royalty  
Of the *Elysian* Fields; which wisely she }  
Refus'd, for Hell, with all their power, and skill,  
Though they allure, they cannot force the will:

This vext faire *Proserpine*, any should know  
Their horrid secrets, and have power to show,  
Vnto the upper world, what she had seene  
Of Hell, and *Styx*, of *Pluto*, and his Queene,  
Yet since she might not her owne lawes withstand,  
She gave the boxe of beauty in her hand.  
And *Psyche*, with those precepts us'd before,  
The Sunnes bright beames did once againe adore  
Then, as she thought, being out of all controule,  
A curious rashnesse did possesse her soule,  
That slighting of her charge, and promis'd duty,  
She great ly itcht, to adde to her owne beauty;  
Saying, ah foole, to beare so rich a prize,  
And yet through feare, dost envy thine owne eyes  
The happy object, whose reflexion might,  
Gaine thee some favour, in young *Cupids* sight:  
The voyce forbad me, but I now am free,  
From *Venus* vision, and Hells custody.  
And so without all scruple, she unlocks,  
And lets forth the whole treasure of the boxe,  
VWhich was not any thing to make one faire,  
But a meere *Stygian*, and infernall ayre;

VVhose



## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Whose subtle breathings through her pores did  
And stuf her body with a cloud of sleepe, (creepe,  
But *Cupid* now, not able to endure  
Her longer absence, having gain'd his cure,  
And prun'd his ruffled wings, flew through the gate  
Of his elose prison, to seeke out his Mite :  
Where finding her in this dull Lethargy,  
He drew the foggy vapour from her eye,  
And that her stupid spirits might awake,  
Did all the drowlie exhalation shake  
From off her sence ; she shut it up, and seal'd  
The Boxe so fast, it ne're might be reveal'd.  
Next, with his harmelesse Dart, small as a pin,  
He prick't the *superficies* of her skin :  
Saying, what wondrous frailty does possesse  
This female kind, or rather wilfulnesse ?  
For loe, thy foolish curiosity,  
Has tempted thee againe to perjury.  
VVhat proud exploit was this? what horrid fact?  
Be sure, my mother *Venus* will exact  
A strict accompt, of all that has beene done,  
Both of thy selfe, and thy commission.  
But yet for all this trespassse, be of cheere,  
And in a humble duty persevere,  
Detaine from *Venus* nought, that is her owne,  
And for what else remains, let me alone.  
Thus *Psyche* by her Lover being sent,  
And waxing strong, through his encouragement,  
The Boxe of beauty unto *Venus* brings,  
Whilst *Cupid* did betake him to his wings :  
For when he saw his Mother so austere,  
Forc'd by the violence of love, and feare,

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

He pierced the Marble concave of the sky,  
To Heaven appeal'd, and did for Justice cry;  
Pleading his cause, and in the sacred presence  
Of *love* himselfe, did his Love-suit commence.

*Love* at his sight, threw by his rayes, so pure,  
That no eyes but his owne might them endure;  
Whom *Cupid* thus bespake: Great *love*, if I  
Am borne your true, and lawfull progeny:  
If I have playd betweene your armes, and sate  
Next to your selfe, but since growne to a state  
Of riper yeeres, have beene thought fit to beare  
An equall sway, and move in the same speare  
Of honour with you, by whose meanes, both men,  
And gods have trembled at my Bow, as when  
Your selfe have darted thunder-bolts, and slaine  
The earth bred Gyants, in the *Phlegrian* Plaine.  
And when in severall scales my shafts were layd  
With your owne *Trident*, neither has out-waigh'd.  
I come not now, that you should either give,  
Confirm, or adde to my prerogative.  
But setting all command, and power aside,  
Desire by law, and justice to be try'd.  
For whither else should I appeale: or bring  
My cause, but to your selfe, that are a King,  
And father to us all, and can dispence  
What right you please, in Court, and Conscience:  
I have beene wrong'd, and must, with grieve indite  
My Mother of much cruelty, and spight  
To me, and my poore *Psyche*: there's but one,  
In the whole world, that my affection,  
And fancy likes, where others doe enjoy  
So many; the diversity does cloy

Their

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Their very appetite : yet who but owes  
All his delight to me ? and *Venus* knows,  
By her owne thoughts, the uncontrouled fire  
That reignes in youth, when *love* does him inspire.  
Yet she without all pittie, or remorse,  
Me, and my Mistrresse, labours to divorce.  
I couet no ones spoufe, nor have I taken  
Anothers Love ; there's not a man forsaken,  
Or *god*, for my sake, that bewayles his deare,  
Or bathes his spoyled bosome with a teare :  
Then why should any, me, and my Love sever ?  
That joyne all other hearts, and loves together ?  
*Love* heard him out, and did applaud his speech,  
And both his hand, and Scepter to him reach.  
Then calling *Cupid*, his smooth fingers layd  
On his *Ambrosiack* cheeke, and kissing sayd,  
My little youngster, and my sonne, 'tis true,  
That I have never yet receiv'd from you  
Any due reverence, or respective meed,  
Which all the other *gods* to me decreed.  
For this my heart, whose high preheminnence  
Gives Edicts to the Starres, and does dispence  
The like to Nature, your fine hand the while,  
With earthly lusts still labours to defile ;  
And contrary to publick discipline,  
And 'gainst all lawes, both Morall, and Divine,  
Chiefly the *Julian*, thou dost fill mine eyes  
With many foule, and close adulteries.  
For how oft times, have I through vaine desire  
Beene chang'd to beasts, birds, serpents, and to fire ?  
Which has procur'd ill censures, and much blame,  
And hurt my estimation, and my fame :

Yet.

## *Cupid and Psyche.*

Yet being pleas'd with this thy foolish sport,  
I'me loath to leave it, though I'me sorry for't.  
And on condition thou wilt use thy wit,  
In my behalfe, and minde the benefit,  
I will performe all thy demands : if when  
Thou seest faire Damselfs on the earth agen,  
Remembring thou wast brought up on my knee,  
That every such Mayd thou wilt bring to mee.

*Cupid* assents ; then *Iove* bids *Maya's* sonne,  
Publish a royall Proclamation,  
Through the Precincts of Heaven, and call at once  
A generall councell, and a Sessions,  
That the whole bench, and race of Deities,  
Should in their severall rankes, and pedegrees,  
Repaire straight to his Court, this to be done,  
In paine of *Ioves* displeasure, and a summe  
Of money to be laid upon his head,  
And from his lands, and goods belevied,  
If any *god* should dare himselfe absent,  
For any cause, from this great Parliament :  
And that whoever had his name i'th' booke,  
His fyne, but his excuse should not be tooke.  
This being nois'd abroad, from every where,  
The lesser *gods* came thronging out of feare,  
And the Celestiall Theater did thwack,  
That *Atlas* seem'd to groane under his pack.  
Then *Iove* out of his Ivory throne did rise,  
And thus bespake them : Conscript Deities,  
For so the *Muses* with their whitest stone,  
Have writ your Names, and Titles, every one.  
You know my Nephew *Cupid* ; for the most  
Of us, I'me sure, have felt him to our cost :

Whose

## *Cupid and Pfyche.*

Whose youthfull heart I have still sought in vaine,  
And his licentious ryot to restraine,  
But that his lewd life be no farther spread,  
His lusts, nor his corruptions published.  
I hold it fit, that we the cause remove,  
And bind him in the fetters of chaste love;  
And since that he has made so good a choice,  
Of his owne wife, let each god give his voice,  
That he enjoy her, and for ever tye  
Vnto himselte, in bands of Matrimony.  
Then unto *Venus* turning his bright face,  
Daughter, he sayes, conceive it no disgrace,  
That *Pfyche* marries with your sonne; for I,  
That where I please, give immortality,  
Will alter her condition, and her state,  
And make all equall, and legitimate.  
With that, command to *Mercury* was given,  
That he should fetch faire *Pfyche* unto Heaven:  
And when that she into their presence came,  
Her wondrous beauty did each god inflame.  
Then *Iove* reacht forth a cup with *Nectar* fraught,  
And bad her be immortall with the draught:  
So joyn'd them hand in hand, and vow'd beside,  
That she with her deare *Cupid* should abide;  
Ne're to be separate; and more t'enlarge  
His bounty, made a Feast at his owne charge,  
Where he plac'd *Cupid* at the upper end,  
And amorous *Pfyche* on his bosome lean'd.  
Next sate himselte, and *Iuno*, then each guest,  
And this great Dinner was by *Vulcan* drest.  
The *Graces* strewd the roome, and made it smile  
With blushing *Roses*, and sweet flowers; the while



## Cupid and Psyche.

The *Sphæres* and *harmony*: *Apollo* ran  
 Division on his Harpe, *Sun*, and *Moon*  
 Play'd on their Pipes: the *Quire* of *Musicks* sang,  
 And the vast concave of *Olympus* rang,  
 With pious acclamations to the Bride,  
 And joy'd that *Psyche* was thus deify'd.  
*Hermes*, and *Venus* mov'd their gracefull Feet,  
 And did in artificiall measures meet,  
 The *Phrygian* boy fill'd wine at this great feast,  
 Only to *love*, and *Bacchus* to the rest.

Thus *Cupid* had his love, and not long after,  
 Her wombe by *Time*'s helpe, brought forth a daughter.  
 A child; by nature different from all,  
 That laught when she was boene, and men did call  
 Her *Pleasure*; one, that does exultate  
 Both Gods, and men, and does her selfe dilate  
 Through all societies, chiefly the best,  
 Where there is any triumph, or a feast.  
 Shee was the *Author*, that did first invent  
 All kinds of sport, conceits, and merriment.  
 And since to all mens humours does incline,  
 Whether, that they be sensuall, or Divine,  
 Is of a modest, and a foole behaviour,  
 And of a settled, and a wanton favour.  
 Most dangerous, when she appears most kind,  
 For then shee lieth in wait, and leaves a sting behind.  
 But happy they, that can her snare detaine,  
 For where she is most fixt, she is least vaine.

**FINIS.**

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